

IRELAND : HOPES AND FEARS

IT was hoped that by the Acts implementing the Treaty of December 8th, 1921, the Irish Question would cease to be a party question in the British Parliament. All parties there combined to settle that Question on the lines of the Treaty. The domestic affairs of Ireland were by common consent to be as remote from interference from London as those of Canada or of any other of the self-governing States that form the Commonwealth. Vain hopes, as the event has proved and as might well have been foreseen. For the Act recognizing the substantial unity and autonomy of Ireland contained one fatal flaw. It gave an option, on well-defined conditions, to the subordinate legislature, set up by the Act of 1920 in six of the Ulster counties, to contract out of the settlement which it had elaborated. As a result the new self-governing State was mutilated. The Six-County Government immediately took advantage of the option to withdraw from the Free State, and thus make actual the unnatural division of the island into two separate Governments, unequal in area and status and much else besides. The Six-Counties remain part of the United Kingdom and have strictly limited and defined powers of local Government. The rest of Ireland, provided it remains part of the Commonwealth and shares in the common obligations of the other self-governing Dominions, has practically complete independence. It contains a considerable number of citizens, rather confusedly called "Loyalists" who, for one reason or another, would prefer the old political connection but who have thrown in their lot with the new arrangement and are well represented in the new Government. The Six-County fragment in the North East also includes a large minority averse to separation from the rest of the country, but this, by dint of the abolition of the proportional representation system of voting and by a one-sided rearrangement of voting areas, has been deprived of its due share in municipal and political government. The contrast is open, manifest, notorious, and increases the resentment of that minority at the fact that the provision in its favour in that Clause of the Treaty which allows the Six-Counties to separate themselves from the rest, has not been put into operation. In the two or

more years that have elapsed since December, 1921, the inhabitants of the areas along the border between the two governments have not been consulted in regard to their political desires, nor given the option promised them of enrolling themselves finally, either under the Free State or under the Six-Counties.

The fact is, opposition has arisen to the fulfilment of that provision not only in the Six-Counties but also in England. Hence the ominous return of the Irish Problem. For once more political opinion in this country becomes divided, the question is tossed into the party arena, there is little chance of agreement, and no possibility of the necessary enlightenment from the Party press. No journal gives all the facts or bases its comments on adequate knowledge: each speaks for its own side, selecting the arguments that favour it, ignoring, misconstruing, denying those that oppose it, and, where facts fail, readily substituting fiction. Lovers of justice and peace must surely grieve at this. The disadvantage of party politics is that no subject is debated on its merits. The first thought of the opposition advocate in regard to a Government measure is—how can this be used to damage or overthrow the Government, and that first thought often remains the only thought. It is not our purpose or province to follow the party debate in this matter, to expose misrepresentations or to amend half-truths. The Boundary Dispute looms large at the moment but its settlement one way or the other will not settle the Irish Question—which finally resolves itself into two—Is Ireland to be permanently partitioned? Is Ireland to maintain political union with the Commonwealth? To the first question the Free State and its adherents say—No: to the second those who think with "Ulster" say—Yes. But not a few, even of the Ulster majority, would answer the first as the Free Staters do, and not a few Free Staters would agree with "Ulster" that the Commonwealth connection should be supported as advantageous to Ireland. If only Ulster as a whole would say—No, to the first question and the Free State as a whole would say—Yes, to the second, the Irish question or questions would be effectually settled.

Meanwhile, with just one word of comment on the situation we may pass on to wider considerations affecting the destiny and fortunes of our neighbour. The Six-County Government, in protesting against the proposed legislation declared necessary to make the Boundary Clause effective and thus

fulfil the Treaty, appears to forget its own complete subordination to the Westminster Parliament. From the terms of the Act which set it up, not only might its boundaries be changed but its very existence brought to an end if that Parliament thought fit. What Parliament makes it can, legally, unmake. Notice the wording of Section 75 of the "Government of Ireland Act, 1920," on which the Six-County Government depends for status and powers.

Notwithstanding the establishment of the Parliaments of Southern and Northern Ireland, or the Parliament of Ireland, or anything contained in this Act, the supreme authority of the Parliament of the United Kingdom shall remain unaffected and undiminished over all persons, matters and things in Ireland and every part thereof.

The "Southern Parliament," thus constituted, was not accepted by those concerned but the Act remained in full vigour in regard to the Six-Counties. Whereas by the subsequent Treaty of 1921 the status of the whole of Ireland was declared to be that of "a coequal member of the Community of Nations forming the British Commonwealth," a status which, with all its implications, is still retained by the Free State, now that the Six-Counties have withdrawn from it.

A year ago, in an article entitled "Ireland in Transition," we ventured to predict that Partition would be found an unworkable policy. It is contrary to the real interests of the Commonwealth, of "Ulster" and, of course, of the Free State. Notwithstanding the present clamour about the Boundary, and the foolish beating of the Orange drum, we are of the same opinion still. The Protestant Ulsterman is an Irishman, and, although in the words of Mr. Bernard Shaw, "Protestantism in Ireland is not a religion: it is a side of a political faction, a class prejudice, a conviction that Catholics are socially inferior persons,"—such impressions are not founded on fact and will be dissipated on contact with reality. During the war such contact was established and North and South were much nearer union than ever before. The Labour interests of each section are identical, and the same tendency which is operating in the larger field of Europe had its effect in the smaller theatre of Ireland. That effect is destined to grow stronger. There are Liberals also in "Ulster" as well as Labour folk, and more than one-third of its whole popula-

tion is Catholic and in natural sympathy with the South. Once some measure of prosperity is restored to the Free State, its character as the natural market for the industrial North-East will re-establish the previous close economic relations between the two, and make the artificial Boundary intolerable. If it is true, as has been asserted, that the income-tax in the Free State will presently be reduced to 3s. 6d. and ultimately to 2s. 6d., that fact alone would do more to promote union than the reduction of the Northern Government from Six Counties to Four. We can measure the injury done to the prospects of Irish unity by the wanton destruction of property during the "civil war" from the fact that taxes in the Free State—a country which need not maintain an Army or a Navy or a costly Civil Service—are higher than those in the North, which retains the British scale. Ireland which produces in abundance most of the essential items of food and clothing should be a cheap country to live in, but now the cost of living is appreciably higher than it is in England.

Meanwhile the predominant feeling in "Ulster" is against amalgamation with the Free State, even on the most favourable terms. In the Treaty itself, the preference of the majority in the Six-County area for local self-government was fully recognized and amply provided for. Articles XIV. and XV. of that document were carefully drawn up to meet any possible apprehension which "Ulster" might feel at union with the South and to safeguard all its rights. But the folly of the Republicans in endeavouring with such recklessness to force their ideal upon their fellow-countrymen had the natural result of intensifying "Ulster's" hostility to union, and as long as there is any danger of the Republican policy of a total severance of connection with the Commonwealth prevailing in the Free State, so long will that hostility remain. Even apart from the religious question, Belfast, as a highly industrialized community, profits so much by the British connection that no sentimental consideration could compensate for its loss. There is every reason to think that this is now widely recognized by the rest of Ireland. Union cannot be effected by force but only by the growth of understanding and the recognition of mutual interest. When it becomes certain that the Free State will abide by the Treaty, that mutual understanding will be of rapid growth. It exists in great measure already. The 430,161 Catholics in the Six-Coun-

ties are in natural sympathy with their co-religionists and the 300,000 odd Protestants in the Free State are presumably well disposed towards "Ulster." There is far from being that homogeneous and inevitable antagonism between the two sections of the country that the party-press is apt to assume: there is no greater and more mischievous fallacy than to declare that Ireland is inhabited by two distinct nations. It is the hope of the country's well-wishers that the large Catholic minority in the N.E. may combine with the Liberal and Labour elements there—there are said to be 60,000 Liberals in the Six-Counties—to assert or regain their due position in the Government and so neutralize the intransigence of the fanatics, who claim to represent "Ulster." The proportion of Catholics to non-Catholics in that area is much the same as it is in Germany, yet in the latter country Catholics, owing to their energy and organization, have a considerable voice in the government of the State. Both in the Senate and the judicature of the Free State, on the other hand, non-Catholics are represented much more largely than their numbers warrant, which shows that religious intolerance does not characterize that Government.

It seems always to be assumed by partisans of "Ulster" that the Free State is aiming at severing two whole counties from its domination by means of the Boundary Commission. That assumption has been officially disclaimed by the President and other responsible Ministers in the Free State, and, indeed, since both Tyrone and Fermanagh contain large Protestant minorities, county-transference would involve as much injustice to them as the Catholic majorities at present suffer. In the excellent map published by the North Eastern Boundary Bureau and based on official statistics concerning the "District Electoral Divisions," it is shown that the areas in South Fermanagh, South Down and South Armagh which abut on the present frontier, are predominantly Nationalist, and therefore if the inhabitants desire are fitted geographically to be transferred to the Free State, whereas the Nationalist areas of Tyrone, Londonderry and Antrim, large though they are, are nearly altogether cut off from contact with other Nationalists by Partitionist tracts and can hardly be brought within the scope of the Commission. However that may be, the map at least indicates how far from homogeneous is Partitionist sentiment in the Six-Counties.

Although sympathizing with the natural desire of those

Nationalist districts to belong to the Free State, far-sighted observers are beginning to deprecate any decision which would tend further to divide Irishmen from Irishmen on a religious basis. It would better serve the cause of ultimate unity if "Ulster" were made conterminous with the province of that name, for then its population would be at least 43 per cent Catholic and able to assert itself, whereas the greater number of Catholics that are joined to the Free State, as a result of the Boundary Settlement, the more exposed would the rest in "Ulster" be to unjust discrimination. It is hateful to have to argue these civil matters on religious grounds which in well-ordered, justly-administered States would have no relevance, but owing to the evil heritage of Orange bigotry in Ireland one has no choice.

One concludes, therefore, that the Boundary Commission must be made to function, otherwise in the eyes of the Free State the Treaty will be violated and an immense impetus given to the Republican cause, but that, on the other hand, the frontier so established, in so far as it constitutes a barrier, will be merely a temporary one, pending the union of all Irish folk for the common good of their common country.

When we wrote last year, the first regular elections in the Free State had just been held, resulting in a decisive majority for the Treaty. Since then, as far as one can judge and in spite of not a few blunders on its part, the Government has on the whole received the support of the bulk of the community. It has been able to release from prison those political opponents whose offences were mainly political. Although at present in the throes of an internal crisis, it has survived several similar storms, connected both with the Army and the civil administration. It has legislated in the main with sobriety and, although its Tariff-Act is of questionable wisdom, it is avowedly therein only experimenting. There are many things which it has not yet done and which needed doing. One is slow to complain because of the unparalleled difficulties with which it has been confronted, but it has not won all its opponents over to tolerate and work the Treaty. It may be that bigger men would have rallied the country more completely to their side but perhaps bigger men would have made bigger mistakes. The Government seems at any rate to have won the adhesion of those who used to be called Unionists. Many even of those who served "the Castle" in the old days are now in the employment of

the new authority, so that it has in fact been blamed for thus using the experience of those officials. And it has shown the widest tolerance in its nominations to the Senate. It may be presumed that the old Nationalist party is now absorbed into the ranks of those that displaced them, but it would have been a graceful act if some of the more prominent of them had been appointed to the Senate. The one remaining bar to national unity on the basis of the Treaty is the attitude of the Republicans, who have an ideal no democrat can quarrel with, if only they would pursue it constitutionally and with due regard to higher considerations. The deplorable consequences of their ill-inspired revolt should have convinced those of them who are open to reason that they were grossly misled by those in whom they trusted. They have not advanced the cause of their country's independence and unity one step, but on the contrary have done much to weaken and divide her. Their reckless intransigence remains the greatest obstacle to her development. No prudent man will risk investing capital in a country liable to be involved in civil war at the caprice of a few wild idealists, whose success if it were even conceivable would only bring the nation face to face with a greater foe.

And how that fair land needs development! Everywhere Nature has been lavish with her physical beauties and her reserves of power. But poverty and ignorance have everywhere over-laid Nature with hideous contrivances to satisfy human needs, and allowed her forces to run to waste. Take the ancient city of Galway, once a famous port for trade with the Continent, situated on a noble river flowing deep and strong through the town in many channels from a picturesque lake, commanding a mighty bay, and backed by the wild loveliness of Connemara. Few spots on earth combine so many natural advantages. But man in the past has woefully disfigured this beautiful site, has failed to utilize the energy running waste by his side, has left undeveloped the amenities of the coast, and if to-day there are some signs of improvement, there is little sign as yet of that civic sense which makes a community alive to its advantages and keen to make the most of them. Poverty may be pleaded but poverty does not excuse the tolerance of unnecessary squalor and avoidable unsightliness. What is wanted and what is wanting so much in Irish provincial centres is some appreciation of local beauties, some detestation of uncalled for ugliness and disorder and

some civic pride in a clean and well-appointed town, a considerable development of the æsthetic sense. Beauty for beauty's sake is the ideal, but the matter has its utilitarian aspect as well. Beauty pays, and money laid out in preserving and enhancing it is sure of a return. No visitor to the famous beauty spots of Ireland but will be conscious of how painfully they are marred through a rampant tasteless individualism unchecked by an ignorant or apathetic municipality.

As for natural resources, a recent Commission, reporting on the water-power developed by the Shannon, asserts that all the railways and industries of the South of Ireland could be run by harnessing this cheap and abundant source of electric energy. And no one who has seen, for instance, the torrential Corrib rushing through Galway, or the rapid Erne at Ballyshannon or the Moy at Ballina, each with a huge lake as reservoir, can doubt that all the electricity Ireland needs for lighting, heating and industrial purposes might easily be furnished by her rivers.

Mention of Galway recalls one enterprise, more than a century overdue—the development of that port to take transatlantic traffic. It has often been talked of, nay, once in a small way attempted, for last century a small line of three steamships began to ply between Galway and the States. But one ship caught fire and another struck a buoyed rock in the Bay, and so it became obvious that the stars, or some other influences, were fighting against the success of that shipping line. It will require great financial power to combat the interests which are sure to oppose any development of Galway as a transatlantic port. Yet its use as such would bring these islands about a day nearer to America, and would therefore be of great advantage for passengers, goods and mails. At present we are told surveys are being made and estimates are being prepared with regard to the construction of a harbour on the north side of the Bay where the water in-shore at low tide is forty feet deep, so that it may be that finance is awakening once more to the commercial possibilities of the scheme.

Last year at this time strikes were rife at many of Ireland's ports—wasteful wanton strikes benefiting no one and impoverishing the community. The year's history has been full of similar acts of war, on a small scale as they must be in Ireland, but just as harmful to her nascent industries, and, speaking generally, betraying even more the spirit of the

class-war than kindred disputes in England. The worker here hates and despises the Bolshevik, official Labour repudiates his whole system, but the strike-leader *par excellence* in Ireland is a demagogue who is hand and glove with the Soviet chiefs and has adopted the class-war principle in its crudest form. How such a man could gain any influence over even a few Catholic workmen is a phenomenon to amaze one, and the idea that he is a real power in the Labour world of Dublin is indeed inexplicable. Labour here for the most part has out-grown the Marxian philosophy as too childishy one-sided and inadequate. Yet Larkin can win adherents for it in Catholic Ireland, and found a Workers' Union of his own to fight the more orthodox trade organizations. All this emphasizes what we have before ventured to recommend—the continued need of systematic study of social problems by priests and teachers in Ireland who have to shape the ideas of the growing generations. We are glad to see that lately a disastrous builders' strike in the neighbourhood of Dublin, caused by Larkin, was finally brought to an end through the offices of the Priests' Social Guild. This is an excellent augury of the future. The religious leaders of the people should be foremost in guiding them to a right conception of their rights and their duties, a conception which they cannot learn from James Larkin or even from James Connolly.

There is much to learn, as all experience shows, before the teaching of the catechism can be seen to have reference to the details of daily life, before an adequate notion is obtained of social justice and charity. It is much to bring a strike to an end: it is more to prevent it happening and to relegate this desperate weapon, which wounds its wielder as much as his opponent and injures the community as well, to occasions which cannot be otherwise dealt with. This ancient Catholic nation, now at last regaining the exercise of the attributes of nationhood, whose growth and development are accordingly of immense interest to the Catholic observer, has the opportunity of laying the foundations of a Christian civilization, such as existed in Europe before the religious revolt of the sixteenth century unchained Mammon and set him on the throne of Christ. And the first notion that needs restoration and emphasis is the notion of honest dealing. The sinfulness of profiteering, of exacting more than the commodity, be it goods or labour, is worth, of disregarding contracts, of sweating and of usury in every form—this should

be readily recognized by the public conscience if that conscience has been adequately trained. There is need all over Ireland for organizations like the Dublin Priests' Social Guild and for study-clubs on industrial relations such as are fostered by the English C.S.G. Nay more, there is need of a Catholic Labour College such as has been established at Oxford by members of the C.S.G. and their friends, intended to train leaders of the Labour movement on the lines laid down by Catholic tradition. The labour leaders in Dublin are aware of the need of education and are supplying it in their own way. But the working-men in the Free State are mainly Catholic. Why should they have to look to a Protestant to lead their representatives in the Dail, and be guided by a Bolshevik outside? Why is there no one amongst them who, having imbibed the principles of "The Workers' Charter"—that far-reaching and luminous statement of the proper relations of Society and the Worker, laid down by Leo XIII. in his *Rerum Novarum*,—can set them forth authoritatively to his fellows and show them the only way to social peace and justice? Obviously because they themselves have had no authoritative teaching and guidance in the detailed application of Catholic morality to the complex conditions of modern industry.¹

Could they, or selected individuals from amongst them, as a matter of fact, find it at the National University in any of the courses open to laymen? We made bold to express our opinion on this point last year and, despite criticism, both acrimonious and friendly, further knowledge and enquiry have furnished no reason for modifying it substantially. It is still true that there is no adequate provision at the National University for the instruction of the Catholic layman or woman in what concerns higher Catholic education—Philosophy, Ethics, Apologetics, Cosmology, Biblical Science, Church History, Sociology,—all those subjects which Newman in a well-known passage declares to be essential to a liberal training. We should not have again insisted on this fact except that it is so vitally important for the future of Catholic Ireland and that attempts have been made by apologists in Ireland to suggest that there is no real need for alarm. We are asked to be patient and to trust to the future, but the National University has now been in existence for sixteen years and,

¹ That the Irish Hierarchy are aware of this need is happily apparent in the fact that the new programme of Religious Instruction for Secondary Schools includes a course of Social Science.

although the latter half of that period has been marked by acute turmoil and distress, ill-suited for the development of humane learning, the fact remains, that nothing as yet has been done to help the passing generations, except the recent endowing of a Professorship of Catholic Theology, the holder of which, by virtue of the Foundation Deed, must lecture during each term at University College, Dublin. The Government is not to blame: this is a matter for the private enterprise of individual Irishmen. The State as such is precluded by the Constitution from anything savouring of the endowment of religion. And as the country is poor and its material needs many and pressing, the patriotic obligation lies on Irishmen of means, mostly resident in America, to come to the aid of their country, thus suffering from intellectual famine. At the last Birmingham Catholic Congress, the Cardinal Archbishop did not hesitate to suggest that someone should give him £100,000 to endow a Theological School at Oxford. There are not a few Irishmen in the States who singly or in combination could provide funds to put higher University education in their native land on a satisfactory footing, and so do enormous benefit to the future of their race. Now that peace has returned and the prospects of unity are brighter, we may hope that they may become conscious of the glorious opportunities which their wealth affords them.

Ireland cannot afford to wait, whether for intellectual or material development. The mind of the ordinary citizen is still almost as much under English domination as it was before the Treaty. The English press circulates everywhere. The *Daily Mail*, at present a bitter foe to Irish national aspirations, but priced at a penny, beats the native twopenny papers in the remotest villages, giving more, if not truer, news at half the price. Picture papers and periodicals are almost wholly English. There are several good weeklies published in Dublin,—*The Irish Statesman*, for instance, and *Irish Truth*, which are well-written and ably-edited, but Irish resources cannot as yet compete with the foreign importations. A more disquieting feature is the attempt that is being made by certain decadents to produce a weekly journal "emancipated" from the ordinary guidance of morality, the programme and first performance of which were so vile that the ordinary distributing agents refused to handle it. It will doubtless soon die, if not already dead, but that it should ever

have lived is something of a portent. It is an indication of the same spirit which prompted the recent project of setting up a gambling-hell on the shores of Dublin Bay: a sign that Ireland need not look beyond her own borders for agents and agencies of corruption. Happily, public opinion is still morally sound, as the reception of these efforts proves, but Ireland will never develop a national culture until she herself can provide the staple of her children's intellectual food.

As for material development, that cannot brook longer delay. Already the running-sore of emigration, checked by war-conditions, has again become actively virulent. Whether from lack of the means of livelihood or from mere restlessness and impatience, thousands of the young and vigorous are trying to leave their country. Such a tendency is to be welcomed in a densely-populated land like England, although, unless emigrants settle within the Commonwealth, they are a loss to the nation they leave. But in Ireland, already under-populated, further decrease is bound to be calamitous. Nothing but peace and settled government, with the resulting return to a measure of prosperity, can stop this drain on the country's resources. It would be sad if, instead of the exiled Gaels flocking back to their emancipated country, as might reasonably have been hoped, the old exodus, formerly attributed to British misrule, were to continue. The United States has fortunately fixed a certain annual quota of immigrants from Ireland, too large indeed for the good of their home country and out of proportion to its population, but preventing a still greater outflow. The Free State cannot afford to lose some 20,000 of its youth every year.

All these things notwithstanding, hopes are stronger than fears in regard to Ireland's future. Her first need is internal peace, and that is only attainable on the basis of the arrangement with Great Britain which, however theoretically illogical, gives her well-nigh complete power to make or mar her destinies. Peace will give her prosperity, the opportunity of developing her great natural resources, of benefiting by her advantageous position and of recovering her alienated children in the North East. Above all, a peaceful Ireland, possessed of and governed by the Christian tradition will be able to prove the truth of the Scripture proverb, that it is "Justice," not military strength nor commercial wealth, that "exalteth a nation."

J. KEATING.

A POET PASSES

ABOUT a year ago it was the present writer's privilege to draw the attention of the readers of THE MONTH to the devotional poems of Emily Hickey. Since then their author has entered into the realization of the joy so sweetly previsioned in her poetry—Emily Hickey passed to her reward on September 9th, 1924—and thus the time has come not only for a wider survey of her gift to literature but also for a glimpse of the personality behind it. The disability under which one labours who writes of the work of a living person has been removed and the poet's work may be made to serve in a second capacity, as an index to a mind that sought beauty and found it in its highest form.

Emily Hickey died at the ripe age of seventy-nine and a half years. In her desk, as she had left it, lay the typescript of her last poem, one for Yuletide; on her lips as she lay dying were words that wove themselves into the lines of a stanza—she was thanking God for her pain, and the "warp of love and woof of joy" intermingled on the loom which was active till the end.

Emily Hickey's work divides itself very definitely into two epochs. She was an Irishwoman, the daughter of a Protestant clergyman, born in an ancient castle, in Co. Wexford,¹ the home of her maternal grandfather. Her childhood was a singularly happy one, a circumstance for which she always thanked God, believing in happiness as the foundation of moral development in the young. Intensely Celtic in temperament, her love for her native land was whole-hearted. She loved its literature, its ideals, she loved its failings—those who spoke of these last uncomprehendingly could feel her soul quivering. In the later days she loved its faith and succeeded to her deferred inheritance.

England was the country which gave her first volume of verse to the public. *A Sculptor and other Poems* appeared in 1881. Strength and originality marked these early poems. They worked off some of the theories of life in the writer's mind and withal displayed that underlying

¹ It was here, Macmine Castle, if we mistake not, that the Irish Benedictine nuns of Ypres found a temporary home before passing on to their present beautiful abode in Kylemore Abbey, Connemara.

tenderness and delight in the beautiful that made a true poet of Emily Hickey in all her phases. Verse-tales, lyrics and translations followed in 1889. These years of the 'eighties found her hard at work editing and annotating Browning's *Strafford* and lecturing on English literature, homage offered at the shrine of the Art that found in her so true a devotee. *Michael Villiers, Idealist*, was published in 1891. It was a daring attempt to tackle the Irish question, and England's social problems, in blank verse running to nearly a hundred pages. It contains passages which are examples of the poet's finest work. The independence of her art, an independence far removed from the modern free mood, asserted itself in *Michael Villiers*; current phrases were boldly admitted into the company of the choicest poetic similes. It received praise in high quarters. The future held golden promise for the poet. Popular acclamation would not be looked for in a work of such an ambitious nature, in such an unpopular medium.

A poet's output, when the poet is a pilgrim, traces for us his "spiritual Aeneid." The earlier works of Emily Hickey betray the quester. A clamorous sense of justice finds vent, the hatred of half-truths felt by all noble natures. Spiritual perception and deep religious feeling are always present. They were to guide her back to the Native Land from which she had been born in exile.

Michael Villiers has long since been out of print. Its demise was hastened by the action of its author who, after her religious belief had consolidated in her riper years, withdrew the issue on account of an heroic scruple. She could not forgive its aggregate nobility the one single line that made reference to Our Divine Lord as one less than God. She termed it committing literary suicide, and what this holocaust must have meant to one who set such store by her literary offspring can only be guessed by those who knew her best. Whether the poem would have lived in any case is a question. Its life was probably forfeit to the sanity and balance that are never missing from its inspiration. It presented the faculty for seeing both sides, and the best in each side, a quality which ripened into a serene optimism in the still days of the poet's sabbath. The poem contains many notes on the spiritual voyage which was to bring the traveller to the port pleasant. Those who only know Emily Hickey by the light of her recent work would appreciate

better the positive character of its spirit of repose after reading what she was fain to consider the masterpiece of her art. It is difficult to quote from *Michael Villiers* and quotation can give no idea of its characteristic virility. Here is a piece of rhapsody which gives the key to what might be in many an academic conviction:

Lo, if a man should hear all night in dreams
Music resolving discords of the day
Into the very soul of harmony;
Behold, 'neath folded lids, the golden sheen
Of a great light wherein is blessedness;
Would he not sometimes long, of day-work tired,
For the fair blisses which the night would bring?
Would he be grieved for shadows lengthening out
Or sigh at dropping of the evening dew?

But if a man hath heard when broad awake
An inexpressive perfect harmony,
And seen with open eyes the red rose grow
Into the glory and radiance of the dawn,
Will not all things henceforth be changed for him?
Swift-souled, unhurried, will he not pass on
Till day be at its zenith, and the light,
God's fiery chariot, lift him higher yet
Into a farther heaven, beyond the sun's?

It makes poetically possible such passages as that where the absentee landlord is pithily summed up:

It would not be enough for him, you see
As used to be for me, and more's the shame,
To hunt at Lisnagh, every other year,
And make the little village tradesmen thrive,
Nor laugh too much to see them write themselves—
"Purveyors to Her Majesty the Queen,
The Lord Lieutenant, and Sir William Villiers."

The writer of the poem has faced the problem of the oppressed, of the "dreadful passion for supremacy." She has set out her ideal in virile imagery, trounced its opponents in epigram, and eke answered herself in the happiest of her poet's thoughts.

Of all the sons of men,
The greatest, strongest, is too small, too weak
To hold one star, one life, in palms a-curve.
O great strong God, Thou hold'st the universe.

Her intimate friendship with Robert Browning, who had a strong affection for her work, her acquaintance with those whose names loomed large in the literary inner circle of the later Victorian days, would have made fame seem a visible

goal to the poet with the ardent Irish temperament. She pursued it frankly. Her delight in her gift was ever an outstanding characteristic. To her the product of her muse was an item in God's creation and she rejoiced with the freedom of a spectator when God looked on His work and saw that it was good. She used her gift with this sense of stewardship, tempered by a satisfaction in her successes which was thoroughly human.

Poems, in which the singer's lyric gift made itself prominent, followed. The versatility of her art was remarkable, and just as in *Michael Villiers* she could give blank-verse hospitality to colloquialisms without lowering the dignity of her work, so in her lyrics she dealt with homely themes without approaching the banal. Her triviality was deliberate, dainty, elegant. Rhyme and metre were her playthings and reason slipped in by hap, when the mood so took her, but nothing was penned in a hurry; all that she set down she considered worthy of preservation. Her reverence for her art took that form, one apt to be misunderstood by types of mind other than her own.

As an exponent of the beauties of the sonnet form she was signally successful on more than one occasion. To *Miranda who sleeps* has been classed with the finest in our language. Sonnets need quoting as a whole:

Awake, dear heart, awake! thou hast slept well!
The dawning light hath set the world astir
With chirp and warble of birds, and faery whirr
Of winglets, quivering in the broken spell
That sleep hath laid on nature: strange to tell,
Miranda sleepeth yet: strange, for it were
A wonder if the delicate ear of her
Knew not this multitudinous matin bell.

But still, Miranda sleeps! What was to meet
In dreamland, what, or whom, for thee to lie
Unmindful of the glory of earth and sky,
With little quiet hands and quiet feet?
And still thou sleepest, and thy sleep is sweet.—
Dear heart, I would not waken thee, not I.

Of the poet's lyric art there is no more delightful example than the poem, *Harebells*:

Bluebells on blue hills, where the sky is blue,
Here's a little blue-gowned maid come to look at you;
Here's a little child would fain, at the vesper time,
Catch the music of your hearts, hear the harebells chime.
"Little hares, little hares," softly prayeth she,
"Come, come across the hills, and ring the bells for me."

The ever popular, *Beloved, it is morn!* may be quoted as an example of juggling with a rhyme and alighting on a magic ensemble.

Beloved, it is morn!
 A redder berry on the thorn,
 A deeper yellow on the corn,
 For this good day new-born.
 Pray, sweet, for me
 That I may be
 Faithful to God and thee.

Beloved, it is night!
 Thy heart and mine are full of light,
 Thy spirit shineth clear and white,
 God keep thee in His sight!
 Pray, sweet, for me
 That I may be
 Faithful to God and thee.

The gramophone sings it to a section of the public which would have little use for the higher forms of poetry in which her mind was steeped. Of such stuff is fame made!

Her volume, *Later Poems*, belongs to the second epoch. They were published in 1913 and contain some of the poet's best work. The echoes of the Liturgy in her poem on *Our Lady's Birthday* give the latter a grandeur which is to be the dowry of the Catholic singer.

The shrine of the Word Eternal, the House that is golden-piled,
 Is here in the swathing bands of a little new-born child.

To this second epoch belongs all that she wrote under the aegis of the Catholic Church. Not that she became a propagandist in the definite sense of the word,—with the exception of her little C.T.S. book, *Thoughts for Creedless Women*, she left controversy alone,—neither did she become a specialist in piety. Catholicism had no narrowing effect on her work for literature, but it permeated everything she touched. She could still write with enthusiasm on Bunyan's *Pilgrim's Progress*, but she wrote in a Catholic Review, and showed the unconscious Catholicism of its Puritan author. She continued her critical essays for literary readers, and was keen to track down the Catholic influence in Shakespeare or Spenser. But, large as her spirit was, hers was equally the acumen which could recognize the something lacking in verses of her own on Catholic themes, written during her High-Anglican phase. The spirit which she found

lacking in these was the child-spirit, the spirit of gaiety, of freedom. Hitherto her work had divided itself into grave and gay, as it divided into sacred and secular. Now the delicate wit, the light touch, occupied themselves with the Kingdom of Heaven. If in her last days Emily Hickey's output was mainly religious and devotional it did not mean that gaiety of spirit was absent from her work. Joy was essentially the gift which she grasped, to have and to hold, in her spiritual native land—that joy which has taken much finding, and which like God's peace, passes understanding because it can co-exist with what the world calls by another name.

Her reception into the Catholic Church marked the dawning of the poet's Sabbath. The ideals, the enthusiasms, the dreams of past years were as rivulets which widened out and were merged in the deep, still river of Faith. Truly could she say now: "O great, strong God, Thou hold'st the universe."

As the years went on the general literary public gave less attention to her publications, tintured as they were with that which the world cannot forgive, although the Irish Literary Society remained faithful in its veneration of one who had been one of its best friends, and done much for the literature of her country.

In 1912 her services to Catholicism as a literary member of the Catholic Truth Society, and contributor to its publications, were recognized by the bestowal on her of the Cross *pro Ecclesia et Pontifice*, but by degrees the co-founder of the Browning Society, the brilliant essayist, the erudite student of early English texts, the music of which she rendered audible to our day whilst she enriched her own store of tones, receded from the world of letters.

In retirement she cultivated the friendships which she took as a special gift from God, but little realizing how the wide sympathies of her warm heart drew such friendships out of the bud into the flower, even as her gentle tending produced blossoms, lilies, roses, even the shamrock of Erin, from the dour soil of a little suburban garden. To those who possessed this privilege of friendship her work, for all its beauty, may find its chief value as a key to the personality that expressed thus its joy, its tenderness, its candour—her pen could write, expressly for the eyes of her friends after she had gone, the words:

Thou gavest pardoning love
In dear relief;
And now I bring to Thee
A tare-spoilt sheaf.

She was one who with wistful assertiveness could lay claim to the virtue of being able to laugh at herself. The "tares" of such an one could but serve to decorate the votive sheaf.

She worked up to the end. Approaching blindness was an obstacle to be over-ridden. She used a typewriter, and had embarked on the study of Braille. Her notes were jotted down in large writing on loose sheets so as to be decipherable by the failing eyes. She laid her pen down for the last time on the desk-pad placed across her sick-bed. When her hand failed her lips repeated the prayer, shaped to a poem. The ruling habit was strong; but the values had changed. One to whom, on the occasion of a recent visit, she had commented on the poet's natural craving that his name might not be "writ in water," assured her that her work would be handed on faithfully, and reminded her of a poem in the press, the darling effort of her last months. She smiled at the first assurance—the desire had vanished. Of the other reminder she murmured, "I hope it may help someone, and that our Lord will forgive me all in it that is self." It was a very perfect hallowing (to use a word she would love) of a noble gift. Those who may possess themselves of the forthcoming little book of Yuletide verse should read the title-poem in the radiance of a light shining about the death-bed of one who made a great conquest.

It remains for a later day to decide her place among the poets, and for those more competent to frame an opinion than the present writer, and—dare one say?—who have not glimpsed the inner thing which makes of such an appreciation an anti-climax.

For us she must be pre-eminently a lover of beauty who followed the beloved through the gateway of transfiguration—who has passed "to behold the King in His Beauty in a land which is very far off."

ENID DINNIS.

TRAVEL-CHIPS

III.

LAST year, feeling rather foolish, we wrote out, for THE MONTH, some "chips" from the diary we kept during a brief visit to "foreign parts," for we felt pretty sure that everyone would know what we were right about, and that we were quite likely to be wrong about the rest. Still, it gave us such pleasure to remember pleasant things, and we so much hoped to give pleasure to those who had made them so pleasant for us, that we did in fact set down just that much. But during the last year or two, so marked an interest has begun to express itself, in this country, in Catholic affairs beyond its coasts, that we now feel it almost a duty to make our contribution, however slight, to the growth of that interest. Moreover, it is quite definitely our duty to collect such information as we can for the use of that section of the Catholic Council for International Relations (the first fruits of last October's Reading Conference) to which we, unworthy, act as chairman. Some of it is included in these extracts. Some of our impressions and some details have also been set forth in articles in the *Universe* and elsewhere, but they were not exactly *résumés*, still less transcripts, of a diary, as these pages are.

August 8th. Last year it was the National Congress from which, panting, we started for Mürren. This, from the Cambridge Summer School, within which had been embedded our annual University Societies Federation meeting. In neither case was much re-focussing of ideas needed. We are going towards much the same thing, on a larger scale. . . . 8 a.m. The *coquet* Croydon aerodrome: a fine "de Havilland"; six passengers all told. Over the Channel, ostentatiously wrote letters, but it *is* far quieter than a train. Here, the water is like green and purple asphalt, evenly flecked with white: but over the shallow inlets of the Belgian and Dutch coasts, the water drifts like vapour over ground whose every fissure is visible. Down for a while at Amsterdam. Are joined by the most cheerful Mr. John Telkamp in person, who floods England with such jolly notices of his bulbs. O, to have made this journey when the neat oblongs below us,

grey-green now, glowed with the splendour of his tulips. . . The conditions, we are warned, are bad. Hanover wirelesses that there may be *kein Flugwetter*: thank heavens, the sky thinks better of it—no horrible night-train for us! Up again: during the dull transit to Hanover, read and sleep, and say rosary, hoping that the petals circle fragrantly down to those villages. . . . Suddenly, the Staaken aerodrome. In no time, luggage and passports looked at, and off at a great pace into Berlin.

Vast amount of building; effort after variety and modernity; but no ridiculous modernisms of architecture. Few smoke in the streets: fewer people altogether than expected: windows gay with pink geraniums, begonias, and cinerarias; but official objects, so to say,—lamp-standards; railings,—in great need of paint. . . . Unter den Linden, Dr. Franz Kloidt awaits us. Guessed him. Took us to our home—the Hedwig Krankenhaus. I recalled that St. Ignatius *liked* his men to stop in hospitals—but such well-furnished ones as this . . .? anyhow, here are two other Jesuit Fathers, in their tiny apartment—one, an Assyriologist known long since in England. Besides, Providence sent us. Sunday morning was indeed spent unexpectedly. A lad in a neighbouring room was dying; for two and a half years he had been a prisoner in England. Not a word of complaint had he ever had to make, thank God. We passed those hours, till his peaceful death, with him, his parents, and his poor fiancée. I had hoped he might prove to have come from one of the prisons I used to visit: but no. None the less, it was kind of God to bring about this encounter—London to Berlin, and there, placed next to a boy once called “enemy,” now making of his death a seal of peace and good will within one little group, a symbol and omen of what we hoped to assist in doing during these days, and of the Holy Father’s hope, the establishment of Christ’s Peace in Christ’s Kingdom. Not politics, not economics, not theories ever will do that. . . . We learn all we can about the situation as regards vocations—these, we are told, have shifted from the country to the towns, the peasantry having grown materialistic during the period of “inflation,” a period always mentioned as being a sort of nightmare; but though all seem agreed as to the fact, the explanation hardly suffices. That period was surely too short to account for a change in popular psychology. . . . Berlin has huge parishes, and priests are few, yet it could,

we are told, be self-supporting in this matter and might become a diocese, instead of having a "delegate" bishop (co-adjutor?) to the bishop of Breslau in whose diocese it actually is. Consoling. But the position of University students has worsened. There is now such a rush for work, that apart from "technical" students, who anyhow would have to work in chemical factories and the like, students, men or girls, cannot any more fill their days with manual work in order to get roof and food and fill their nights with study. Their case is therefore desperate, and we were perfectly right in asking our Federation and its friends to subscribe for University students. (It sent over £50 to Cardinal Schulte, for the western centres, and about the same to Dr. Kloidt for the eastern needs, and many books. Sharply criticized for this: but has a single Englishman or woman *cut down* home charities because of what they gave to more distant brother-Catholics? Of course not.) Dr. Kloidt is the representative in Berlin of the national "Deutscher Caritas Verband," which has its H.Q. in Freiburg in Breisgau. Each diocese has, of course, its own charitable institutions, but sends statements of its doings and needs to this central organization, which distributes alms it receives, *pro necessitate*, to local centres, negotiates with the Government for grants, etc., and with those kindly yet irritating foreign non-Catholic charities which collect money for German institutions and naturally desire to have a voice in its application. It has, too, its Fachverbände, which deal with special concerns, such as hospitals in particular; country districts; lay assistance, etc. A minute discussion of this centralizing and simplifying yet far from interfering system, which is clearly a prerequisite to anything like the international organization of Catholic charity of which so much was said at Amsterdam, left us doubtful whether it could succeed in our own haphazard and locally jealous country. . . .

"Long hopes" are entertained for the future of the Faith, if only because of the complete break-up of the national church owing to the disappearance of the "Summus Episcopus," the Kaiser. Sects multiply, and the increase in theosophy and occultism is great. But men who join these leave, and relapse into that agnosticism from which the older "religion" was barely distinguishable. I feel pretty sure that at this time of day "Churches" cannot be invented. It must be one or the other of the great historical groups, and

of these all, save the immemorial Catholic theology and discipline, are breaking up. We shall not see again any really "national" churches. Look at the Czechs. The "Newman-Bewegung" is making itself felt even outside the Church; but the Lutheran "Hoch Kirche" will either relapse—it is essentially undogmatic (as, I maintain, "Anglo-Catholicism" is)—or will provide a small nucleus *en route* for Rome. Thus, our own surmises of yesterday, corroborated by these assurances to-day. . . .

Shall I sum up my subjective impression of the capital and the country? It was one of a city dejected, tired, quite undesirous of living up to its ponderous yet hurriedly forced-on past, allowing the colossal green domes to grow blotchy and the plaster (the Brandenburger Tor is plastered!) to peel off; and again, the impression of a country by no manner of means dead, but determined on a future, and more angrily determined on it, owing to the events of the past year or two, than ever it need have been. And finally, of a country that stands in need of, and still can accept precisely that discipline of mind and of action, which, based on eternal principles, *not* the intellectualist Democrats, *not* the tumultuous "socialists," but the Catholic Church, with its intangible hierarchy and its equal love for the individual, alone can supply. . . .

Leave Sunday evening, August 10th. Wake, after an hour or so's sleep, to the incredible spectacle of the sun rising over Poland. Need I say that St. Stanislaw (I spent hours learning to pronounce his name) arranged that the first thing I should see was a white-walled, red-humpbacked roofed, bulbous-spired Polish church, heaped like a shadow on an astounding glory. Sheets of dazzling coppery-gold: rivers and wide patches of water of an infinitely delicate yet fiercely vivid opal: a veil of milky pearl upon emerald, amethyst and sapphire. In the hollows, velvety white mist: beyond, literally like snow-banks ablaze: silhouettes of lonely trees: the very smoke was crimson-gold when the sun shone through it; silver-gold, when it was shone upon.

Tea and lemon at Lodz. Met at Warsaw by O., an emissary of "Odrodzenie" (Renaissance), the students' Catholic Society of Poland, who was to put, literally, no bounds to his hospitality. (Impossible to set down here the details of these days.) The British legation: the British consulate: the house of a lady whose names link the greatest families of

two lands—creative philanthropist, and passionately nationalist: the home—yes, a happy, light-hearted home, half-a-flat in an as-yet-unfinished block of workmen's dwelling-places near the Vistula—of a family whose history of imprisonment, mental torment, murder, stripping of all that they had possessed and loved and tended, and ultimate exile at the hands of Bolsheviks Kiev-way was yet, they assured us, far *less* hideous than that of half their acquaintance: and I notice two things, viz., that in proportion as (1) a Catholic has (2) suffered over here, so much the more does he or she throw every energy, even when poverty is extreme, into constructive, philanthropic work. That night, from haggard windows, we watch the moon in eclipse, and seek to allegorize it. . . . But that night, too, we have to leave this strange great city, made rather artificially the capital of Poland in place of ancient Krakow, which alas! there is no chance of our visiting, despite the shock this omission gives to all our hosts. . . . Warsaw, with its palaces and renaissance churches and the vast Russian basilica quite rightly in process of demolition—it was built in the heart of the heart of Warsaw, not only as symbol of an extinguished nationality but of a conquered faith: and even so, corruption had embezzled the money destined to give it copper cupolas and provided heaven knows what glittering substitute, much to the annoyance of the invading German force when it, first, started to strip the domes in its search for metal—Warsaw, none the less, with its almost too significant column of King Sigismund holding a huge cross in one hand and a huge sickle-shaped sword in the other; with its ghetto of black-cassocked, top-booted, tall-capped Jews, and its long green twilight, a transitional beauty (I thought) to the emerald skies of Russia. (It is not my fault if atmospheric conditions here, and Mr. Baring's books, make me say this sort of thing. . . .)

That night, in the 10.30 train, after finishing a conversation with one whom I in my simplicity thought, from his uniform, a Polish general but who turned out to be an erudite Rabbi, doubtless an army-chaplain, gave myself over, not to formulating opinions but to asking myself questions. Certainly, even an hour's talk with priest or layman has revealed a fierce nationalism: within half an hour of our arrival at our billets (even, if we remember right, before we had breakfasted), our clerical hosts were supplying us with maps to

prove how much less territory Poland now possessed, even since the war, than in—1778, wasn't it? This, I own, was an extreme instance. A dangerous nationalism? Not for me to judge! Intimately connected, though, with a Catholic past and present. Is that more, or less, dangerous? Anyhow, I observe "differences." I cannot disguise that the Austrian rule of partitioned Poland is spoken of with no great resentment: Prussian rule in the north is certainly thought of with hatred, but somehow human-wise: the Russian episode seems remembered as a sort of grotesque even when ghastly nightmare, somehow outside human estimates. Leave this topic, far beyond our ignorance. More manageable, the ever-renewed discussion—Are sodalities of Our Lady to be the right method for organizing Polish youth to-day? Some said, frankly, No. Others, the majority by far, Yes, but profiting by their inherent power of elasticity to enlarge their scope, and, to *co-operate* with that directly social work and study that is not their proper function at any time. Others again—very few—Yes, and the Sodality just as it was, a system of forming an *élite* to special piety. Pious young men, these argued, formed to prayer and Communion, will automatically enter other societies with social and active aims. We did not deny that this might be true. We merely, but always, asked—*Is it?* Do they thus under the influence of the sodality, fling themselves into all manner of civic and social and constructive work? The answer was always, No. Well, *transeat*. Let us wait and see what shall be realized by the great effort of which all spoke, now being made at Rome, to develop Sodalities without their losing anything that is essentially theirs. Provided always they do not, where they grow strong as of old, oust or weaken quite different sorts of groups, that aim not chiefly at electing and yet further spiritualizing the already pious. *Illos non omittere*—I mean, the average lad, none too addicted to prayer in common nor even to frequent Communion. After all, those are the majority. St. Ignatius quite approved of attention given to the masses, as well as to the nobles—spiritual or secular! Well, "Odrodzenie" proposes to itself rather to gather in its sweep the average, and insists that after no short space even the dullest becomes inspired by its own spirit, which is certainly magnificent, and was highly praised by Cardinal Bourne in the letter with which we were entrusted for its president. Members of this group were, on the whole, our

escort in Poland, and certainly they knew well the history of their land, and answered with infinite tolerance the hail of questions we caused to patter on their skulls, poor lads!

In the silence of this night—for the roar of the train became too continuous to disturb us—we dared to give substance to a very old surmise of ours. Never (we used to think) was there a land so thoroughly run by aristocrats as Poland was. Am I right in thinking that the peasants were scarcely regarded as *the people* at all? Did the invading Poles ever, through long centuries, consolidate the whole *human body* of the folk? I doubt it. Even now, one of our friends said sadly, the life of the peasant is "too animal." In proportion as this is true, into the Catholic organization of Poland must be inserted, and I think is being inserted, a very strong dose of what may be called C.S.G.-ism. The more its young men and women care for their nation, the more will they study to remedy the "*aliquis defectus*" of which we heard so often and from which we scarcely less have suffered, till lately, here. Certainly "*Odrodzenie*," in this matter at any rate, is looking wisely to the future. Should I be rash in supposing that another great problem it has to face is,—can it, to any extent, co-operate with bodies not specifically Catholic? That, too, is one of our puzzles. Unless I err, it is affiliated to some larger society of Polish students, and this larger society is itself connected, loosely, with the undenominational C.I.E.—the *Confédération Internationale des Étudiants*. Can it keep up that connection? Will not the problem of religious "neutrality" soon start to harrass it? The Y.M.C.A. and the Y.W.C.A. are doing—I will not say, so much harm in Poland as in Slovakia; but they do generate that confusion in simple minds which is one of the pet offsprings of the Father of Lies. It was delightful to me to hear, in the Jesuit house, that the method adopted to combat these "sects" was *not* on the whole, the attempt to confute their Protean doctrines, but much rather the constantly improved instruction, in positive Catholic dogma, of all who can be reached. Ah! but how reach the non-church-goer? at once a new problem, that we try to solve by the C.E.G.: but that does not seem suited to Poland. . . .

About now, my neighbour goes to sleep with his head on my shoulder. Thought becomes harder and sleep (so far as my eyes go) no nearer. Scraps float this way and that in my brain. . . . I am glad to have been to this land where

Omni Die is sung, so to say, on its own soil, and to the same tune—though a kind of panting version of it (often the organ palpitates all by itself throughout Mass)—as we are accustomed to *chez nous*. . . . Never save in Algeria and Tunis—never in fact in Europe—have I seen Jews like that. They *look* a gentle race. Frightfully (ought I to say that?) prolific, and loving to live simply in heaps. . . . Opinions differ violently as to their worth. X. says the poor gabardined Jew is an asset: the *nouveau riche*, a pest. Z. said, the baptized Jew, very often, becomes a true Pole and is an asset—very hard-working, which perhaps the temperamental Pole is not. The country Jew, he says, is the real problem. A middle-man between the Poles, who love the country and hate towns. As you motor through such parts, you pass a string of peasants' carts entering the small towns with produce; in the town is a market, where they sell to the local Jew; as you leave, you pass more Polish carts, belonging to other peasants who have bought from those same Jews. Y. believes firmly in an international Jewish organization, basing himself, so far as experience goes, on the fact that when a relative of his had to request a Jewish family (quite according to the terms of the lease) to leave a house of which he had need, letters came from Jewish magnates, even from America, begging a respite for their blood-brother. . . . In Germany, an intriguing remark was made to me: Bolshevism will always be broken on the rock of Civilization, but by no means on the flimsy stuff of Culture. Which have the nations got? Which has traditional education supplied them with? Sometimes, as we visited palace after palace, and marked (I thought) how expensive splendour and renaissance art (imitation, even, at that) had imposed itself upon a homely, solid substratum (how I wished I could have properly seen the *old* palace of the Kaisers at Berlin, of which little bits still peep out through the new: and how very simple is the old town-house of Frederick I.), I found myself fearing that a real Civilization had suffered much at the hands of Culture. May the *restoration* of so much that I see, mark a return (for that will be advance) to something well behind the latest phases. I know nothing about building: but my companion said that much of the new building was very bad. No wonder (even I thought, as I watched 'em at it, and asked myself if there *should* be such gaps between

bricks, and so much almost liquid mortar), everything has to be sheathed in plaster. "It is warmer," they said.

August 15th, 3.30 a.m. Czestochova, whither we are going to the Assumption pilgrimage of the immemorial Madonna. (We had meant to go to Latvia. But in holiday time, we were warned, there is no one, lay or clerical, in Daugaupils—Dvinsk—or Dünaburg, as you please to call it. Sorry. Yet that means one more day in Warsaw, one more in Hungary, and one (if we travel two nights) at this ancient shrine. One needs a chance of praying over all these things seen. *Sedes Sapientiae*. . . .) The thronged train disgorges its humanity. A flickering light or two. A dim hotel. Dump our bags, and say to a sleepy porter, in the Universal Language that holds good where any other talk plays you false—"Maria?" and the sign of the Cross. He smiles, takes our elbow, and points us down a road. Off through mud, under arching trees. Men and women asleep on benches; propped against house-corners. Up a hill: the trees open out: the cropped turf of a huge hill-top. Tired moon on our left: haggard dawn in the east. All is shadowless grey, save, on the summit, a fantastic silhouette, like a Doré picture—vast bastion-walls and spires, purple-black. And one bright crimson point, a lamp alight on the wall within which stands the miraculous picture. (Later, we shall see that this picture is reproduced on this outside wall, enormous, grim, staring down over the plain.) At last a shadow—a long dark swaying band of gloom upon the grey. Peasants, kneeling, sitting, prostrate there all night, and singing to Our Lady. Inextinguishable music, that seems to us to come, on this tiny wind of dawn, over what thousands of leagues of Polish plain, across what Polish centuries, close to the ground (no, somehow, *through* the very soil), inextinguished by the mountainous architectures of the generations piled upon it. It is like the breath of the land itself, of the race, rising and falling as the heart that still beats and ministers its life—and at this hour you feel that here *is* the heart of Poland, and later on we shall find that a proverb says the same. We prowl round the great bastions: find a gateway, already pressed against by singing throngs: wait and wait; a little after 5, the grille grinds open: the human torrent *spouts* into courtyards—corridors—more cavernous archways and another gate—it too opens at last, and you are swept into the black vaults of the monastery-fortress and into the chapel and even, past

another grille, roof to floor, into the tiny sanctuary. A twinkling darkness. Forms define themselves: the twinkling is from a towering silver reredos, vast silver angels, columns, medallions, crowns, votive hearts. . . . Above the altar, the golden rigid veil over the picture. 5.30, Mass. Little sobs or "ah's" at the elevations. 6, a second Mass, and at the Introit, a shattering peal of trumpets. The veil rises, and the black icon peers down through its jewelled sheath at yet another year's multitude. The crowd, so dense-packed that you cannot move a limb, cries and wails its homage. Mass follows Mass: on the *ex votos* you read every great name of Polish history: every king seems to have laid his crown here. We are so close that we can just distinguish—or is it fancy?—the features of the portrait—a terribly wearied face; heavy-eyed; down-drooped lips; Mary, not exhausted, but O how beaten upon by the prayers of all those centuries, impassive in all save her *attention* to what has surged around her—siege after siege, right down to the successive armies of the world's latest war. It is untrue that the Kaiser took away this picture and substituted his own, though Prof. Allison Philips in his little book on Poland repeats the tale. But the defeat of the Bolsheviks, since the war, by Polish forces, took place on the feast of the Assumption and is assigned, universally, to Our Lady of Czestochova's intercession. Towards 7, we manage to pass a letter, addressed to the General of the Hermits of St. Paul, who keep this shrine, and towards 8 we are able to fight, literally to fight, our way into the sacristy, and towards 9, when all seemed lost, we suddenly are thrust into vestments and swept to the altar and say our Mass right under those grave eyes. "Give Christ to Poland," is the ambition of "Odrodzenie," "in order to give Poland back to Christ." At the *Dominus Vobiscum*, how that returns to mind! At the Elevation, how easy, to offer Poland, and England, and within them, all that we love, in the one Heart of Christ, to God.

A glass of tea. High Mass on one of the towering terraces over a hillside now black and orange and scarlet with the crowds. Sermon; and its preacher, despite exhaustion, shows us the massed treasures of the sacristy, and we sign names in the great register, beneath—incredible juxtaposition—Wilhelm, K.u.K., Achille Ratti, legate, and Foch, maréchal. . . . Dinner in enormous refectory, built for the nuptial festivities of I-forget-what king.

Our train for Hungary is down for 7 p.m., reaching Budapest 6.40 p.m. to-morrow, after heaven knows how many changes. At the station, it appears doubtful whether it so much as reaches the frontier. . . . *Sub tuum. . . . Nos cum prole pia.* . . . Well, Our Lady, dare I say, teases us. Train arrives. Marked "Krakow," quite the wrong direction. French-speaking Pole scurries about on our behalf. Aha. One carriage is added, going to Budapest without one change! To the rack we suspend Our Lady's icon. At the frontier, Polish custom-officer—austere, not to say surly. Catches sight of the icon, and is transformed. One more tiny test. The train arrives indeed at Budapest, but at quite a different hour and station from what we had telegraphed, in fact, at 9.30, not 6.40, and at East, not West, nor via Vienna, as we had also warned our hosts by wire. Yet there they are, on the platform, waiting for us. Tumble into station restaurant. Bread and beer. Shall we risk it, and go on to-night to Felsögöd, arriving nearly 1 a.m., and hunting for our host's house, he, too, warned of quite different hour of coming? Better try, since we are booked to say Mass there early-ish to-morrow. Tumble out of restaurant, and into last train, and out on to Felsögöd platform. And there he, too, is, waiting for us. . . . *Vale, O valde decora!*

C. C. MARTINDALE.

THE VISIBLE UNITY OF THE CHURCH AN ARTICLE OF FAITH

The crux of the whole controversy [on Papal Infallibility] is the unity of the Church. Is the Church of Christ necessarily and visibly one? Rome in common with the Eastern Churches declares that it is. This teaching the Anglican Communion, since it has never claimed to be alone the one true Church, is bound to reject: for to accept it would be to destroy the last reason for its own existence.—Warren Sandell, M.A., in *The Church Times*, August 22nd.

THESE words quoted from the *Church Times*, which a reckless editorial dictum in a later issue¹ in part denies, express a fundamental truth and explain why, in Catholic eyes, all Anglicans, from Lord Halifax right down to Mr. John Kensit, are equally heretical, shut out from the communion of the faithful, branches severed from the living vine, wanderers outside the true Fold. Few perhaps are formal heretics, contumaciously rejecting the truth adequately presented to them. But all are at least material heretics, for all reject the visible unity of the Church, and to offend in one point of faith is to offend in all. This is a matter that in present circumstances needs emphasizing. The sin of heresy is the sin of rebellion—the preference of human reason to divine authority. That some Catholics fail to realize its enormity in itself is made painfully obvious both in writing and in conversation. There are those who even speak and write as though heresy were only an evil when accompanied by bad faith, especially if the heretic's social position is good! The same defect is patent in the persistent refusal of others to recognize the unsentimental truth about "Anglo-Catholic" movements, and their indulgence in false day-dreams of "reunion."

It is the Church's view of heresy that matters, for that is Almighty God's view:

Θὺ πρέπει τῷ καιρῷ δουλεῦν ἀλλὰ τῷ κυρίῳ.²

¹ "Winchester Cathedral never 'belonged' to the Roman Church. Since its foundation it has been one of the glories of *Ecclesia Anglicana*, which was and is not merely the Church of England, or a mere branch of the Roman Church, but the Catholic Church in England."—*Church Times*, Sept. 12th, p. 263.

² "It behoves us to serve, not the times but the Lord."—St. Athanasius, quoted by K. H. Digby, *Mores Cath.*, Vol. II., p. 173.

St. Augustine, writing to Pope Boniface I., his fellow saint, will tell us how the Church regards heresy and what should be the attitude of Catholics towards it, whether it be material or formal: "For later heretics, enemies of the grace of God, . . . do not cease by their writings to try the hearts of the less cautious and less learned. And these must certainly be answered lest they should confirm themselves or their friends in that wicked error; even if we were not afraid of their deceiving Catholics, too, by their plausible discourse."¹

Incidentally it is noteworthy that, along with ominous indifference to heresy and a somewhat mean, even snobbish desire for the favour of influential heretics, there goes also "that indifference towards the liturgy of the Church which is the strongest indication of a weak faith, and which now reigns so universally in the world."²

This complaisant view of heresy appears in many "eirenic" writings wherein the desire to be conciliatory leads to questionable admissions. We need only refer to certain misleading eulogies of the Lambeth Conference, important though that occasion was, and to certain descriptions of the heretical Church of England as a "daughter of Rome." Moreover, to call ourselves "Roman Catholics," is, often, as England is to-day, to admit in effect the Branch theory, whilst to allow Anglicans to steal such words as "Catholic" and "mass" without constant rebuke or protest is scarcely loyal to the Faith of our Fathers, whom the Anglican Church so assiduously persecuted.

The Catholic Church is visibly one: the city set upon a Hill that cannot be hid. It is merely disastrous to encourage Anglicans to believe that the Notes of the Church can be separated so that it is possible to have true faith in the Church while denying her unity (in any intelligible sense of that word). To profess to believe in her holiness, catholicity and apostolicity, while maintaining schism (and that both in theory and in practice) is vain. To talk of an invisible unity of antagonistic societies is futile.

"The true Church of Jesus Christ is constituted and recognized as such by those four 'notes,' belief in which is as-

¹ St. Augustine, *Against Two Letters of the Pelagians*, Wks. Eng. transl., Vol. XII., p. 238.

² Guéranger, *The Liturgical Year, Septuagesima*, Eng. transl., p. 114.

serted in the Creed, each note being so linked with the rest as to be incapable of separation."¹

Now it is obvious, as indeed one of its latest champions, the Reverend W. L. Knox admits, that the Anglican theory is committed to the external division of the Church of God. But the visible unity of the Church is not only inseparable from the other three marks by which she may be known, but it is equally important. How grievously mistaken, then, are those Catholics who, in dealing with Anglicans, fail to lay stress on this, not to say make light of it, and speak complacently about nine-tenths of Catholic doctrine being taught from many Anglican pulpits! Many theologians hold that no Catholic doctrine can be taught from any pulpit unless the ultimate grounds for belief in it, the authority of the Church, is understood and accepted.

But there is much more than this. Visible unity was the very sign by which the world in Christ's intention was chiefly to be led to recognize the Church.

"Holy Father, keep them in Thy Name, whom Thou hast given Me; that they may be one, as We also are. . . . And not for them only do I pray, but for them also who through their word shall believe in Me; that they all may be one, as Thou, Father, in Me, and I in Thee; that they also may be one in Us; that the world may believe that Thou hast sent Me."²

Thus the unity of the Church was to be as essential and as manifest as the unity of God Himself, and also the most convincing of the proofs confronting the world. How then can those who dare to deny the Church's visible unity be said to hold her doctrine?

Those who make light of heresy need to look to their moral standard of judgment, for it is not that of God's Church. Indeed, I have known more moral indignation to be shown by certain Catholics towards some of their co-religionists, whose sole offence was that they wished the professed aims of the Allies to be carried out in practice everywhere, or spoke in a Christian fashion of Germans, or ventured to criticize

¹ "Vera Jesu Christi Ecclesia quadruplici nota, quam in symbolo credendam asserimus, auctoritate divina constituitur et dignoscitur: et quaelibet ex hisce notis ita cum aliis cohaeret ut ab iis nequeat sejungi."—Letter of the Holy Office condemning the A.P.U.C., Sept. 16, 1864, in *Manning's England and Christendom* (1867), App. i., pp. 230—250.

² St. John xvii. 11, 20—21.

official France, than towards those who by propagating heresy were ravaging the Kingdom of God. In truth:

Nothing could be more profitable to the men of our generation than a clear and certain gradation of moral depravities. Our country-men, unfortunately, are ill-instructed in the appreciation of moral guilt; people seem more and more to judge the gravity of sin from social results.

The greatest moral depravity is to be found in intellectual sins, rebellions of the mind against revealed divine truth and established authority. Next come the sins against justice. These two classes of sins are the exclusive acts of the spirit-will of man.

Then, and then only, come the sins that might be called generically sins against morality. As far as these do not imply a violation of duty to our neighbour or to society, by giving scandal or by doing harm otherwise, they make man less guilty, though they may make him more contemptible in the eyes of the world.¹

Constant breathing of an heretical atmosphere, unless the soul is alert to counteract its effects, tends to blunt our spiritual perceptions. Quite lately the Hierarchy found it needful to remind Catholic mayors of their duty to refrain from attendance at Protestant worship. The very fact that such a reminder was found necessary should serve to warn us of the dangers of our position.

Continuous warfare is wearisome. To be always correcting and refuting is a burden. But as often as error is sown and propagated, so often must the Catholic vindicate his faith, with courtesy, no doubt, but also with firmness and decision. As, for instance, when we are told, in a book professing to be a "history," that "the feelings of Protestants in London and the Calvinistic leanings of many of her first Bishops rendered her unable to insist on more than the wearing of the surplice at Mass."² This, of Elizabeth!

"What utter disingenuousness," the reader may exclaim. Yet I believe that the author of these words was entirely unconscious of their relation to historical fact, and is the victim of an hallucination. All the same, after that *suppressio veri* I do not know what further outrage against truth even "continuity" can possibly devise. It is indeed *capable de*

¹ Vonier, *The Human Soul*, Ed. II., 1920, xxiii., pp. 156-7.

² *History of the Catholic Movement in the Church of England*, by Rev. W. L. Knox, 1923, p. 218. [Italics mine.]

tout! After *that* such minor misstatements as the staged falsehoods of the Fulham Pageant of 1909 and its like, blatant as they were, shrink into insignificance. *Quousque tandem?* Let me quote the comments of a writer, speaking of the tortuosities of Protestant controversy, who will not be accused, I think, of extravagance:

Again and again I have picked up articles written by men of known learning, professors, clergymen, men of letters, whose names are almost household words, that set forth with all complacency and assurance—not as statements about which there might be some reasonable doubt, but as facts so well known as to admit of no further question—such appalling lies (there is no other word for it) that one is driven at times to the point of wondering if it is an epidemic from which they are suffering, a disease which they have caught unconsciously and in spite of themselves. On most other subjects they are sane; on other questions which they undertake to discuss they are informed . . . yet, for the discussion of this, admittedly the most intricate of studies, and one for the understanding of which a lifetime of labour is hardly sufficient, they never appear to feel the need of any sort of serious preparation. In the same way, while they will vigorously adhere to facts elsewhere, refraining manfully from entangling comment, here they seem to lose all sense of moral obligations in the direction of effectual research, and naturally kindly as many of them are, they become simply venomous. Naturally accurate and conscientious, they develop a spirit of vicious speculation which amounts to a possession. . . . And the fact that the calumniators are, some of them, men of blameless private life, or of unquestionable mental integrity, in their own work, makes them all the more difficult to reach, for the pride which those private virtues engender is a horribly thick armour to penetrate.¹

The desire to belong to the Church without submitting to the conditions of membership ordained by our Lord, which inspires Protestant perversions of history and denials of the Note of visible unity is conspicuous in the following:—

Last Friday the *Church Times* . . . went on to say, as against the Bishop (of Exeter) that "it was the countrymen of Devon who valued the Catholic heritage so highly" that their "armed protest swept from Samford Courtenay to the very gates of Exeter," and that they "were only put down by hired mercenaries." Considering that the Martyrs of Devon and Cornwall died for the Pope whom the Crown was out to abolish and

¹ Mrs. Hugh Fraser, *Italian Yesterdays* (1914), xxi., pp. 349—351.

for the Mass, which Cranmer and his like were out to suppress, the impudence of such a reference in such a connection is colossal.¹

No one could have been more favourably predisposed towards the Anglicans than Leo XIII.; a fact which made him lend a ready ear to the misleading accounts of their dispositions with which he was plied by foreign ecclesiastics themselves misled; and we know from Mr. Snead Cox's *Life of Cardinal Vaughan* and other sources what grief the process of undeceiving caused him. Nevertheless, once he realized that the unity of the Church was denied by the Anglican party, the undeception was complete. In a letter to Cardinal Richard, Archbishop of Paris, dated 5th November, 1896, and since seemingly forgotten by those it was meant to correct, he addressed to the Catholic supporters of the Anglican case the following severe rebuke:

In like manner, whereas certain Englishmen who dissent from the Catholic religion appeared to be inquiring of Us in the spirit of sincerity what was the truth about their ordinations, but received that truth when We had declared it to them before God in a very different spirit, it clearly follows that the Catholics of whom we have spoken, and in particular any religious, should know what their duty is. For it is no longer right or fitting for them to join in or assist in any way the plans of such people, for by so doing they might cause no small hindrance to the desired spread of religion.²

While Christian Rome, the Rome of Peter, thus insists on the tremendous unity of revealed truth, and therefore of the Church commissioned to proclaim it, Pagan Rome sought to include all contradictions, and "oblivious" (in the words of the Great St. Leo) "of the author of her prosperity, after triumphing over nearly all nations, became the slave of their errors, thinking that she had acquired a mighty religion because she excluded no falsehood."³ How like the "glorious comprehensiveness" of the Establishment, the Church of the Empire, which naturally if unconsciously makes pagan Rome her model in her resistance to that Christian Rome, with whom some of her children vaguely desiderate a vague "re-union." She has lost the sense of the unity of Truth.

¹ *Universe*, Oct. 5, 1923.

² Quoted in the *Universe*, Feb. 8, 1924.

³ *Sermo primus in Nativitate Apostolorum Petri et Pauli*, 1554, p. 174b.

Si argumentum quaeris, take the Anglican Bishop of Zanzibar himself, and his pamphlet, *In Defence of the English Catholic*. Dr. Weston asks for a policy of live and let live, for the same freedom to be officially allowed to "Anglo-Catholics" as is allowed to other and contrary "schools of thought" in the Anglican body. With strange inconsequence he sent a telegram from the "Anglo-Catholic" Congress of 1923 in hope of gaining some kind of quasi-recognition from the Holy See for "Anglo-Catholicism." Yes, even "while stoutly refusing to yield to claims that conflict with the truth as in Christ," as he protested *en vrai protestant* in the *Morning Post* of July 18th, 1923.

In very deed, Continuitarian writers seem to make their own in the very crudest way the words habitually misquoted from Tertullian, *Certum est quia impossibile*. Very early an English convert scholar, profoundly learned and truthful, wrote of them:—

They continue to reject every idea but what is misty and intricate. . . . Like Cinesias, they take their exordium from the clouds; for they instinctively know, like him, that their whole art hangs from them. . . . It is the same disposition which renders them, in questions of history, resolute in rejecting facts, in order to substitute some speculation, which is the farthest possible removed from everything plain and obvious. Thus they affirm that the religious revolution in England was brought about by causes quite foreign from any of those usually assigned for it; and, instead of hearing the evidence of historians respecting Henry's filthy doings, and what the nobles of his bastard daughter worked with their adulterate money on the Thames, they invite their readers to contemplate the beauty of some pure abstraction, or "the blessed security which resulted from the circumstance that self-willed monarchs and politicians moved the secret wires of the spiritual machine."—"the apparent subordination of doctrine to politics in our Reformation," says a recent author, "was a manifest token that a divine hand was at work in it."¹ Anything tangible in the sphere of religion seems alike repugnant to them; so that they will have the rock on which the

¹ A statement which may be paralleled even in the writings of professed "Anglo-Catholics" in our own time. Speaking of Matthew Parker, the married apostate intruded by Elizabeth into the throne of St. Augustine, Dr. W. K. Frere, now Anglican Bishop of Truro, wrote: "Thus, though not a genius, nor even a man of exceptional ability among the princes of the Church, he was able to do an exceptional and unique work, and *under God's guidance* to steer the Church through the most difficult course which it had ever yet had to sail."—*The English Church in the Reign of Elizabeth and James I.*, 1904, pp. 7–8. [Italics mine.] Dr. Frere's own pages sufficiently refute any divine guidance in the matter.

church was built to have been not Peter, but the faith of Peter, and the confession of Peter; or, if it were Peter, the privilege, they say, was not to pass to his successors; in such haste are they to dissolve what they cannot deny existed.¹

Whether one considers its essence, source or history, Anglicanism is and always must be anti-Catholic. It was born of the spirit of rebellion and it instinctively reacts against any effective scheme of unity. And every now and then, when professions of Catholic-mindedness are put to a plain test, its hatred of the one Church is made plain to all whose eyes are not sealed by prejudice or wilfulness. In a letter to the *Catholic Times* of February 24th, 1923, Father McDonnell, of Whalley Abbey, near Blackburn, describes what followed his redemption for the Church of a small part of her own property:

The gentleman (an Anglican) who sold me the property was well-nigh treated as a pariah. My own windows were plastered with mud on more than one occasion. Letters of the most abusive kind were sent to me, and at one time I thought I might share the fate of my predecessor, John Paslew, the last abbot here, who was hanged on Whalley Nab. Although the Anglicans have a one-time Catholic Church (630) which was the mother-church for all this district; though they have a fine elementary school and an empty old grammar school, still, to prevent Catholics from getting back to their own foundations, they recently paid so large a sum that they refuse to divulge the amount even to their own people. In a recent controversy the Anglican Vicar maintained that there never were any Roman Catholics here till after the Reformation.

Here we touch reality, the reality which the dreamers of "reunion" do not care to face. Things have not altered in essentials since 1851. "Heresy, and scepticism, and infidelity, and fanaticism, may challenge it in vain; but fling upon the gale the faintest whisper of Catholicism, and it recognizes by instinct the presence of its connatural foe. Forthwith, as during the last year, the atmosphere is tremulous with agitation."² It was much the same in 1751, or before. It is the same abroad to-day, as we learn from a

¹ K. H. Digby, *Mores Cath.*, Book 8, Vol. II. (1846), x., pp. 664—5. Cf. also Book 8, Vol. II., ii., p. 539.

² Newman, *Lectures on the Present Position of Catholics in England*, ii., C.T.S., ed., 27—38

report of the London Missionary Society concerning its mission-schools at Bangalore, where apparently, in deference to heathen susceptibilities, the name of Christ is eliminated from the songs and prayers in use in them.¹ Anglicanism is more at home with non-Christians than with Catholics. When it ceases to be anti-Catholic, it will cease to be. Sprung from a revolt against the truth, it must maintain its rebellion, or else submit and die. The result of the rejection of infallible authority, which is the source, support and bond of unity, has been everywhere the decay of religion, and the growth of materialism, an aversion from the supernatural, a spiritually torpid life, without God in the world.

A profound spiritual writer of Victorian days, said: "Another cause why so many fail to see this light in the world is absolute indifference. Men, sickened with the religious controversies of the past, wearied with the warring of sects, have lulled their consciences to sleep with the comfortable assurance that one religion is as good as another, and have finally ended by practising none."

This excuse is the same as that offered by cultured pagans of old, and we find Origen in the Third Century ready with a telling reply:

"And yet no one would act rationally in avoiding medicine because of its heresies; nor would he who aimed at that which is seemly entertain a hatred of philosophy, and adduce its many heresies as a pretext for his antipathy. And so neither are the sacred books of Moses and the Prophets to be condemned on account of the heresies in Judaism."²

Another delusion, springing from a denial of the visible unity of the Church and widely prevalent at this hour, is embodied in the formula, "they are in good faith, *and so it does not matter*." A most astounding and perilous *non sequitur*. If the Catholic Church be indeed the one ark of salvation it follows, as indeed Holy Church continually teaches, that it is at the very least a most grievous misfortune to be outside her visible communion. I remember hearing a gifted preacher say that non-Catholics had so perverted the words, "God is love," that they often used it as a cant phrase, to excuse variations of belief, while they utterly ig-

¹ See "Missionary Review of the World," quoted in *Catholic Times*, Sept. 29, 1923.

² *Origen Against Celsus*, Book 3, xii., F. W. Crombie. (Clark, Edinburgh, 1872, Vol. II., p. 95.)

nored the far more frequently repeated teaching that "God is truth." Quite apart from the good faith of its dupes, false doctrine as such is an abomination before the God of Truth.

I suppose most of us have Anglican friends and kinsfolk about some of whom we do not feel grave anxiety because their good faith and high endeavour are obvious, whereas others also very dear to us, harass us with fears because of their sedulous avoidance of the crucial question, and their fretful restiveness whenever they meet any tangible reminder of the "Roman Church" to which they seemingly had almost submitted years before.

And those who submit to the authority of faith, and venture not to trust to a "view" as to the only true reality in life, alone can regard without misgiving an hour they can never shun, and a law to which they are compelled to submit, when their senses must fail them, and their reason afford them no support, because even in the great tragedy of death they look to hear the Voice that says to them, "Blessed are they that have not seen, and yet have believed."¹

'Tis more than sixty years since Father Faber explained that "the great mass and multitude of the English people are to be regarded rather as heathen than as heretics, and are therefore entitled to the more kindly view which the ancient fathers took of those without the fold," looking upon them as "monsters of ignorance rather than monsters of perversity," the latter condemnation being reserved for those who had corrupted the known truth. But our countrymen are so far better than the old heathen in that "they possess, at least implicitly, a belief in so many of the principal doctrines of the Christian Faith. The present generation, we speak of them in the mass, have no determinate choice of error rather than truth, no self-will, no obstinate, perverse adherence to the principles of a sect. They have no personal hostility to the Church; and the national war-cry of No Popery is no real proof to the contrary. Their religious errors are the traditions of their forefathers, and they know no others." Unhappily since those days the remnant of Christian truth has dwindled among them and great multitudes are admittedly strangers to any definite religion. Upon all these we should look as on potential Catholics, with a deep claim upon our charity and our prayers. But no coun-

¹ R. F. Conder, in *Dublin Review*, Oct., 1896, p. 391.

terfeit charity, for "one word, one look which goes to show that being in the Church and being out of it are not as fearfully far asunder as light from darkness, as Christ from Belial, will rob God of more souls than a priest's life of preaching or a saint's life of prayer has won. . . ." "If charity, then, both in heaven and on earth, both for time and eternity, is the most excellent of gifts, how sad must be the desolation, how wide the ruin, how incurable the wound, of spurious charity, which satisfies its own worthless good-nature at the expense of God's truth and its neighbour's soul."¹ These are stern words, but are they not vitally, searchingly true and of special relevance to-day? Before all other truths of faith, the Catholic must insist upon the visible unity of the Church, for that alone is needed, that alone is enough, to show the sects, from the highest Anglicanism to the lowest Deism, that they rest upon a quicksand and not upon the Rock.

H. E. G. ROPE.

¹ *The Creator and the Creature*, Book 1, iii., pp. 95—98.

WHAT IS THE DOMINICAN TRADITION OF THE ROSARY ?

IN that excellent periodical, *La Vie et les Arts liturgiques*, Dom Louis Gougaud, O.S.B., whose name will be known to many of my readers as that of a scholar who has specialized in mediæval history and liturgy as well as in Celtic philology, has lately published two articles on the origins of the Rosary. The first of these appeared in October, 1922, the second in the July of the present year. The drift of the judgment, at which Dom Gougaud arrived in the earlier of these two articles, may be sufficiently indicated by quoting its final sentences.

The conclusion [he says] to which the researches of Father Thurston and Father Holzapfel¹ have brought them seems, then, to be irresistible. The various elements which enter into the composition of that Catholic devotion commonly called the Rosary are the product of a long and gradual development which began before St. Dominic's time, which continued without his having any share in it, and which only attained its final shape several centuries after his death.²

These views, as might have been expected, were not very cordially welcomed by the defenders of the Dominican Tradition, and, as I learn from Dom Gougaud's second article, entitled, "La Question des Origines du Rosaire mise au Point," he has been assailed with great vigour by Father X. Faucher, O.P., in the *Année Dominicaine* for 1923. I have not had an opportunity of seeing Père Faucher's articles and I consequently do not propose to discuss them. There is not the slightest reason to doubt that Dom Gougaud's temperate reply completely answers the objections raised, none of which seemingly is new. What is new, or at any rate happily rare, in a controversy of this kind, is the fact that while Père Faucher repeatedly cites Dom Gougaud by name, he never once, so the Benedictine scholar avers, gives a

¹ Father Holzapfel is a well-known German Franciscan whose essay, though it appeared later than THE MONTH articles, was written quite independently of them. This brochure, entitled *St. Dominikus und der Rosenkranz*, was published at Munich in 1903.

² *La Vie et les Arts liturgiques*, Oct., 1922, p. 548.

reference to the article he is attacking nor lets his readers know where they can find the text for themselves.

The circumstance which has led me to call attention to the subject here is the appeal to Dominican tradition, which Père Faucher apparently makes the backbone of his argument, calling it not only a Dominican tradition, but "the papal tradition" or "the tradition of the Roman Church." What is precisely the Dominican tradition regarding the Rosary? For many years past I have been much puzzled at the apparent divergences in the meaning attached to this phrase by many of those who use it. It seems to me that the old conceptions which were relatively clear and precise 400 years ago when the tradition was much younger than at present have now been so completely whittled away that hardly a trace of them remains. From whatever point of view we look at it, this tends to prove that the type of tradition we are speaking of is a very tricky thing. If it can suffer *diminuendo*, by extenuation almost to vanishing point, it would seem also to be possible, and a great deal more likely, that in an uncritical age it suffered *crescendo* by expansion from a germ so tiny—the disordered imagination of Alan de Rupe for instance—that it practically amounted to nothing at all. However, the point which I want to emphasize will, I trust, become clearer by taking a series of concrete utterances explanatory of this "Dominican tradition." I do not so much propose to criticize as to lay them before the reader in order that he may judge for himself.

Let me begin with Padre Castillo's *Life of St. Dominic*, which was the first post-mediaeval biography of any historical pretensions.¹ I have been unable to consult the Spanish original which appeared in 1584, but there cannot be the least reason to suspect the trustworthiness of the Italian translation by Father Bottoni, O.P., which was printed at Venice five years afterwards. On page 16 of the *Life* in question Father Castillo makes a somewhat surprising remark. He tells his readers that Queen Blanche of Castille, much distressed at having no male issue, consulted St. Dominic; whereupon the Saint advised her to say Our Lady's Psalter or Rosary, to teach it to all who would learn it and to

¹ Mother Frances Raphael, in her standard *History of St. Dominic*, speaks of it as "this learned and eloquent work," and says that "the author has collected a vast amount of information, regarding not only St. Dominic but all the illustrious members of the Order." Preface, pp. xiv.—xv. Mother Frances Raphael is mistaken in dating the Italian translation 1529. It appeared in 1589.

distribute to her subjects as many rosaries as possible.¹ It was, he added, "a most ancient devotion," and the statement is emphasized in a marginal note: "Il Rosario oratione antichissima al tempo di San Domenico." If this was really part of the Dominican tradition it would seem that the phraseology of a good many of the papal Rosary Bulls, so much appealed to, requires some revision. In these the holy founder of the Order of Preachers is described again and again as the Saint who "invented," "instituted," "devised" (*excogitavit*)² this method of prayer. A little further on Padre Castillo devotes a whole chapter, unfortunately much too diffuse to be translated here, to the story of the institution of the Rosary. There he recounts how Our Blessed Lady appeared to the Saint at Albi, when he was disheartened by the little success of his preaching against the Albigenses, and explained to him that the only way to wean them from their errors was to make them familiar with "the great mysteries of the Incarnation, life and death of my Son"; whereupon Castillo again goes on to say that "the Rosary of the Mother of God is the first and most ancient devotion of all the Christian Church."³ It consists of 150 Aves, and for every ten Aves one Pater. This last was the prayer which Christ taught His apostles, while the Ave was the first formula which the Church itself solemnly authorized. After this we have a detailed discussion of each of the fifteen mysteries, the whole setting of which leaves no doubt that Castillo looked upon them as a fundamental part of the devotion as taught by St. Dominic himself. It may be noticed that the author in his preface gives a list of some fifty authorities consulted by him in preparing the Life. He would certainly seem to be an accredited exponent of the Dominican tradition. Nicholas Janssen, O.P., at Antwerp, in 1622, is equally precise. He tells us that after preaching with little success against the Albigenses for three years St. Dominic fervently besought God's help that he might find a way to touch their hearts. For this purpose he, in the year 1210, withdrew into the recesses of a forest near Toulouse,

¹ There is, of course, not a shadow of historical evidence for this statement. It is certainly not older than the end of the fifteenth century.

² The word *excogitavit* is used by St. Pius V., Bull *Consueverunt*, 17 Sept. 1569; by Sixtus V., *Dum ineffabilia*, 30 Jan. 1586; by Clement VIII., *Cum beatus*, 22 Nov. 1593. I take these references from Mézard, pp. 410-412.

³ "E' il Rosario de la Madre di Dio la prima e la più antica divotione di tutta la Chiesa Christiana"; Castillo, *Historia Generale di S. Domenico*, I., p. 23. All this is pure Alan de Rupe. See THE MONTH, March, 1901, especially pp. 297-8, 303.

fasting and scourging himself for three days until he was on the point of bodily collapse. Then, at last, there appeared to him the Mother of God, accompanied by a retinue of virgins. She salutes him tenderly and tells him that "the Blessed Trinity to extirpate sin from the world has chosen no other weapon than *the Angelic Psalter which is the foundation of the whole New Testament*."¹ The writer adds that "she then instructed him in the manner of saying the Rosary (*de Rosarii ritu atque ordine*), which was no other than that which we observe to-day."

An eighteenth-century Spanish Life of St. Dominic, printed in 1721, gives much more detail and the account is again too prolix to translate in full. The writer describes how the Saint in deep dejection hid himself in a cave, the lair of some wild beast, and then for three days remained without eating or drinking, while his eyes by his incessant supplications became rivers of tears and his body after repeated disciplines lay in a veritable bath of blood. Then the Blessed Mother heard him and took pity on him. She came attended by three virgins in royal robes, each of whom had a retinue of fifty other maidens. Finding the Saint on the point of swooning from his protracted fast, Our Lady, with words of tender encouragement, pressed his lips against her bosom² and "gave him nectar from those fountains which have filled the world with such wondrous sweetness." After that she goes on to deliver a long and minute instruction. "Take this rosary, in the fifteen decades of which thou wilt find a register of the joyous, sorrowful and glorious mysteries. With them thou shalt conquer the stubborn enemies of our Faith and shalt renovate the world." St. Dominic took the rosary very humbly and respectfully from her hands, and the same author adds, "This relic, as some would have us believe, is still preserved in our house at Beneventum." The account goes on to expatiate on the ecstasy the Saint experienced "in finding himself in the paradise of her arms, enjoying the sweetness of her virginal breasts."³ Meanwhile Our Lady instructs him in the details of the fifteen mysteries and in the symbolism of the three royal virgins and their

¹ N. Janssenius, O.P., *Vita S. Dominici*. Antwerp, 1622, p. 27. The italics are in the original.

² "Y aplicando el pecho à sus benditos labios le diò el nectar de aquellas fuentes que derramaban para los hombres tan amables dulçuras." Posadas, p. 113. All this again is Alan de Rupe. See *THE MONTH*, March, 1901, p. 299.

³ "Estàr en lo regalado de sus brazos, gozar la dulçura de sus virginales pechos." P. 114.

respective retinues of fifty attendants each. Here he agrees with Alan de Rupe in connecting the three series not only with the active, suffering and glorious life of our Saviour, but also with the three Persons of the Blessed Trinity.¹

The special interest of this particular Life of St. Dominic consists in the fact that it was written, not by some obscure member of the Order, who might be suspected of giving free rein to his invention regardless of truth, but by a holy Father whose festival is kept by his brethren every year and who was solemnly beatified, after due process, about a hundred years after his death. The writings of Blessed Francisco de Possadas being very numerous and widely scattered, a good deal of time was spent in examining them before the cause of beatification could proceed, but they were all eventually approved (and amongst them the Life of St. Dominic from which I have just quoted) by decrees which received the papal sanction in 1733, 1736 and 1740. "It was the common opinion," says his biographer, "that in the *Life of St. Dominic* he surpassed himself."²

Not to protract this review of testimonies unnecessarily, let us turn now to a nineteenth-century witness whose words have perhaps been more widely read than those of any other biographer of the holy Founder of the Order of Preachers, Père Lacordaire. Speaking of St. Dominic in 1213, Lacordaire says:

To obtain his request, and hasten the triumph of the faith, he, moved by secret inspiration, instituted that form of prayer since then so universally practised in the Church under the name of Rosary.

Like Father de Castillo, Lacordaire apparently believed that the *Ave Maria* had been used by Christians as a form of salutation ever since the time of the Apostles, for he continues, a little further on:

But though Christians were thus wont from time immemorial to raise their hearts to the Blessed Virgin, the salutation was used in a vague and general way; the faithful did not assemble together to address their cherished patroness, but each individual followed his own loving impulse. . . . As repetition may easily engender distractions, Dominic guarded against this by

¹ Francisco de Possadas, *Vida de Santo Domingo*. Madrid, 1721, pp. 112—115.

² See V. Sopena, *Vita del B. Francesco de Posadas*. Rome, 1818, pp. 124—125.

arranging the Hail Marys in sets or groups, assigning to each one of the chief mysteries of our redemption, which mysteries were for the Blessed Virgin a source of joy, sorrow and triumph.¹

As a representative of what one may call more orthodox Dominican opinion at the present day, I may content myself with citing Father Raymond Devas, O.P., who in 1916 published an article in the *American Catholic Quarterly* with the express purpose of introducing clear ideas into the matter which is here the subject of discussion. The paper was entitled "The Rosary Tradition defined and defended," and the following passage at the beginning of the article has at least the great merit of being quite explicit.

In what then precisely does the Rosary Tradition consist? Simply in this: that our Blessed Lady revealed to St. Dominic and bade him preach the devotion as we know it to-day excepting that the three sets of mysteries were probably not more precisely defined than as concerning the Incarnation, Passion and Glorification respectively, excepting as well, of course, the second part of the "Hail Mary" which was not then in vogue and possibly also the "Glory be to the Father," which certainly does not belong to the essence of the devotion. When and where this revelation took place, whether it was made by means of an exterior vision, or whether by means of an interior manifestation, whether St. Dominic preached the devotion holding in his hands the fifteen decades, or only one decade, or no part of the Rosary at all, whether, finally, he instituted the Rosary Confraternity with formal rules, or merely bade the people, or certain people, arrange to recite the mysteries together (which, however, constitutes a true Confraternity)—none of these things matter in the very least, for they do not in any way whatever affect the essence of the Tradition.²

In reference to the question *where* the revelation took place, Father Devas in a footnote to this passage remarks that "Clement VIII. in his Apostolic Letter, *Ordo Fratrum Prædicatorum*, 1602, says that 'St. Dominic first instituted and promulgated the Rosary of the Blessed Virgin Mary' in the church of St. Xystus in Rome," but Father Devas holds that "the words of the Holy Father still leave us fairly free as to the when and where of the vision."

¹ Lacordaire, *Life of St. Dominic* (Eng. trans.), pp. 93-94.

² *The American Cath. Quart. Review*, 1916, p. 130. With the view here expressed Father Hugh Pope, in a pamphlet, *Benedict XIV. on the Origin of the Rosary*, Dublin, 1901, p. 40, is in substantial accord.

In contrast to these views Père Mortier, O.P., in what is virtually the official history of the Dominican Order, published in eight volumes between 1903 and 1920, speaking of the absolute silence of all the early authorities regarding any connection of St. Dominic with the Rosary, remarks:

Most assuredly I admit that this negative argument is of real importance, especially when, as in the case of the Rosary, the silence is found on the lips of those whom one would naturally expect to speak. Thus it is certain that we have good right to be astonished when we read in Jordan of Saxony, in Humbert of Romans, in Gerard of Frachet, a complacent enumeration in detail of the manifold devotions of the Order practised in honour of the Blessed Virgin without ever meeting the most distant or guarded allusion to the Rosary.

Père Mortier, however, finds a solution of the difficulty in the following considerations:

The contemporaries of St. Dominic, the earlier generation of writers of the Order, do not mention the Rosary among the devotions peculiar to it, because at that period the Rosary was not properly speaking a *devotion*, a *formula of prayer*, it was a *method of preaching*.¹

Inspired by Our Lady at a moment of moral exhaustion caused by his want of success with the heretics, St. Dominic inaugurates a new style of preaching. He explains to the people one by one the mysteries of our faith, and in order to obtain the divine blessing he makes his hearers repeat the *Pater* and the *Ave Maria*. Thus between each mystery he interpolates a form of prayer. For in those days sermons lasted for hours together, and in order to keep his hearers on the alert and to give them a few minutes rest, without letting their minds and hearts wander away from God, some salutary device had to be discovered. This is how I understand the primitive institution of the Rosary, and as it seems to me there is nothing in this unworthy of a revelation from the Mother of God or of the practical good sense of St. Dominic. It is easy to see that by this means preaching and prayer mutually supported each other and were bound to produce abundant fruit.²

Much as one may appreciate Père Mortier's honesty in admitting that the silence of all Dominican authorities for 250 years after the death of their Founder does constitute a

¹ The italics are Père Mortier's.

² Mortier, *Histoire des Maîtres Généraux, O.P.*, Vol. I. (1903), pp. 15—16.

serious difficulty, it is none the less necessary to point out that the solution he propounds is equally pure conjecture. There is a perfectly enormous literature bearing upon the activities of the Dominican friars during the 13th and 14th centuries, but I know of no authority who describes or alludes to this method of preaching sermons upon the rosary mysteries, punctuated at intervals by the recitation of ten Hail Marys or by spells of vocal prayer. Père Mortier quotes no fragment of evidence for this, neither does Father Bede Jarrett in his excellent account of the Dominicans in England. Surely such an innovation would be likely to have provoked comment, from enemies and rivals at any rate, if not from friends and sympathizers. But I cannot quit Père Mortier without reference to a little exchange of courtesies which has taken place between him and his fellow Dominican, Père Mézard, in reference to this very matter. In the bulky volume which the latter published in 1912, *Etude sur les Origines du Rosaire—Réponse aux articles du Père Thurston, S.J.*, we find on page 301 the following observations:

According to Father Thurston no Tradition concerning St. Dominic and the Rosary was in existence in the fifteenth century. Alan de Rupe had, or imagined he had, revelations and visions, and out of these has sprung a bogus tradition which had no real foundation. Thus the attribution of the institution of the Rosary to the Founder of the Friars Preachers was from beginning to end just the invention of a crazy visionary, an invention which had no basis in any fact of history.

We regret to find [Père Mézard goes on] that Père Mortier is here in agreement with the English Jesuit. "Unfortunately," he says, "the statement of Alan de Rupe regarding the revelation made to St. Dominic by Our Lady about the complete Psalter of 150 Aves rests on nothing better than a vision of his own."¹

Whereupon Père Mézard goes on to characterize this utterance as "a downright blunder" (*c'est absolument une erreur*). To this, in a later volume of his *Histoire des Maîtres Généraux, O.P.*, Father Mortier retorts:

Unfortunately this style of argument is of almost constant occurrence in the Reverend Father's dissertations. However interesting they may be from certain points of view, as for example in what he tells us of the frequent recitation of the Hail Mary as a Dominican practice, the dissertations we speak of have not in our opinion helped forward the question of the

¹ Mézard, *Origines du Rosaire*, p. 301.

origin of the Rosary one single step. We looked for something better in a work conceived on this scale.

And let us add one further word which concerns rather the form than the substance of the Rev. Father Mézard's volume. It is his practice to make constant use, against all those who do not share his own views, of the word blunder (*erreur*). In historical matters this is a rude thing to say (*en histoire c'est un gros mot*). It is a word which ought not to be written until one has dipped one's pen seven times in the ink; the more so that the Reverend Father's replies to these so-called blunders are far from being clear and convincing. He even goes so far as to think it a pitiful spectacle to find me agreeing with a Jesuit. But, Heavens above! just for once in a way the Society must forgive me, and Father Mézard also.¹

It will have been noticed in the testimonies hitherto quoted how much stress is laid upon meditation on the fifteen mysteries as being part of the Dominican tradition. Yet long ago Mgr. T. Esser, O.P., showed in the periodical, *Der Katholik*, of Mainz (October, November, December, 1897) that the introduction of meditation during the recitation of the Aves was due not to St. Dominic, nor to any Dominican, but to a certain Carthusian monk, more than a century and a half later, Dominic the Prussian. Moreover it is certain that towards the close of the 15th century the utmost possible variety prevailed in the arrangement of these mysteries, even among the Dominicans themselves. Mgr. Esser is a scholar who, as all the Catholic world recognizes, is most painstaking and accurate in his researches,² and as his book on the Rosary (published when he, though a Dominican, was acting as professor at Maynooth),³ abundantly shows, he was not in the least disposed to surrender the tradition connecting the devotion with St. Dominic.

The year after Father Raymond Devas "defined and defended" the Dominican tradition in the *American Catholic Quarterly*, his colleague, Father McNabb, printed a short series of articles in *The Tablet* which adopted a very different standpoint. Father McNabb, with unmistakable emphasis, "professed that he did not know exactly the extent of that tradition";⁴ at the same time he put forward the

¹ Mortier, *Histoire des Maltres Généraux*, O.P., Vol. VII., p. 189, note.

² See also Esser in *Der Katholik* for 1904—1906, and Schmitz, *Rosenkranzgebet*, Freiburg, 1903.

³ *Unserer Lieben Frauen Rosenkranz*, 1889.

⁴ *The Tablet*, May 26, 1917, p. 654.

view, that whereas the Hail Mary was practically unknown as a formula of devotion in the 12th century,¹ St. Dominic popularized its use and encouraged its repetition with the aid of a counting apparatus [for all this, be it said in passing, there is not a shadow of contemporary evidence personal to St. Dominic], also that he divided up the multiplied Hail Marys into groups of ten and connected these groups with meditation on the principal mysteries of our Lord's life. In proof of this Father McNabb appeals to the *Ancren Riwle*, which, as he contends, was written by one of the earliest English Dominicans, Father Robert Bacon, about 1235, and in which we are bidden to find an exact description, by a contemporary of the Founder himself, of the way in which the Rosary was to be said.² I trust I may be pardoned for copying here a few sentences from an article in which I replied to Father McNabb the following week. We are asked to believe, I urged,

that some twenty years after St. Dominic's vision, one of his most distinguished sons, when explaining at leisure and in great detail to a few pious recluses the proper way of reciting their Aves, tells them "to say Hail Mary fifty or a hundred times, more or less, as ye have leisure," and then goes on to prescribe a special method, directing that they should say fifty Hail Marys, each ten in a different posture, without Our Fathers, but with a long series of versicles and ejaculations to introduce every decade. There is not a word about any sort of meditation. . . . If this was really the form in which St. Dominic's own disciples taught the Rosary, Father McNabb has hammered the last nail into the coffin of the Dominican Tradition as hitherto understood. Further, there remains the difficulty that in the thirty-one early examples of Dominicans saying their Aves which Père Mézard claims to have collected, there is not a single verifiable instance in which meditation of any sort is referred to, or in which Paters are mentioned as dividing the decades. On the other hand the number of Aves said varies continually, as many as a thousand being often specified, while the addition of prostrations is insisted upon again and again.³

How does all this agree with the fourth lesson of the Office which priests read every year on October 7th and which seems

¹ On the wide prevalence of the practice of repeating Hail Mary's in long series before St. Dominic was born I can only refer to what I have written in *The Tablet*, Dec. 9, 1922, p. 769.

² See *The Tablet*, June 2, 1917, pp. 687-689.

³ *The Tablet*, June 9, 1917.

to determine so clearly what the devotion precisely was of which St. Dominic, at Our Lady's behest, was the "institutor and author?"

And now we come to the Spanish Dominican, Father L. Alonso-Getino, who at the end of 1921 published some articles on the Rosary in the leading Dominican review of Spain, *La Ciencia Tomista*. It will be sufficient to deal with these articles briefly because THE MONTH has already published a long note on the subject.¹ The main point is that Father Getino while in part adopting the facts furnished by the book of Père Mézard, attenuates still further the content of the Dominican tradition and speaks in fact in such terms as these:

Anyone who expects to find in the historical strata of the thirteenth century a type of Rosary such as we say to-day is like a man hunting for a magazine rifle or a modern motor-boat in a museum of mediæval antiquities.

Father Getino clearly suggests that no more can be claimed for St. Dominic as founder of the Rosary than that he popularized the practice of reciting multiplied Aves, but without any special direction as to the number of repetitions, or the systematic insertion of Paters or meditation on any prescribed classes of subjects. In fact Father Getino insinuates that in the description preserved to us of St. Dominic's own methods of prayer, sometimes prostrate, sometimes standing, sometimes genuflecting, sighing and groaning as the spirit of devotion moved him (in all which elaborate descriptions, by the way, the Ave Maria is never in the faintest way alluded to), we have a vivid picture of how the Saint himself said the Rosary.²

Lastly we have the following brief passage in the Very Rev. Father Bede Jarrett's recently published *Life of St. Dominic*.

"The crucifix, Mass, the Blessed Sacrament, the gospels and epistles, anything that conjured up in him the personality of our Lord, were to him the easiest means for helping him to pray. It was for this reason that the devotion of the Rosary found in him its keenest apostle. . . . It (the Rosary) comprised the saying of Our Fathers and Hail Marys which

¹ THE MONTH, Jan. 1922, pp. 65—68.

² See *La Ciencia Tomista* for Nov.—Dec. 1921, pp. 369—393. "Fué Santo Domingo fundador del Rosario?"

were checked and noted by a string of beads, a contrivance, of course, older even than Christianity and already widespread over Europe before his time. St. Dominic did not invent these things though it would seem that he popularized them. To him, however, a papal tradition points as the originator of the division into decades or groups of ten, separated by larger beads called *Paternosters*. Under the influence of the Order these chaplets, at this date, spread widely over Christendom."¹

Father Jarrett gives no indication of the historical grounds upon which he bases his statement that "the devotion of the Rosary found in Dominic its keenest apostle." During the twenty-five years I have been interested in the subject I have come across no evidence (apart from the revelations of Alan de Rupe 250 years later) which seemed even faintly to justify such a conclusion. Secondly, it may be noted that Father Jarrett passing over the question of a special revelation, or of fifteen mysteries, or of any sort of meditation, or even of the *recital* of Our Fathers, is content to affirm that "a papal tradition points to St. Dominic as the originator of the division into decades, or groups of ten, separated by larger beads called *Paternosters*."

But were these larger dividing beads called *Paternosters*? I think that this would be very hard to prove, especially in the time of St. Dominic or for more than a century afterwards. The whole counting apparatus was called a *pater-noster*, as hundreds of examples show. Also it would seem that in some few cases the individual beads themselves were loosely designated by the same term, for example, St. Catherine of Siena gave a string of 100 *pater-nosters* to Francis Saracini, an old man whom she had converted.² Surely

¹ Father Bede Jarrett, O.P., *Life of St. Dominic*, 1924, p. 110.

² "Dedit ei (Catharina) in uno filo centum Pater noster, ut portaret in manibus quando ad ecclesiam properabat." The story is told by Mother Raphael, *Life of St. Catherine*, I., 147. The whole incident is most interesting, and, as it seems to me, utterly at variance with that conception of the Rosary in the Dominican Order which prevailed everywhere until quite recently. What was the penance which this Dominican Saint imposed upon the old man? To say 100 Paters and 100 Aves daily, and she gave him a string of 100 beads to say it with. Obviously this was not a *rosary* or *double rosary* according to our modern ideas, or there would have been 110 beads. Why, if Catherine and everyone else was familiar with the rosary as we know it, did she not give him an ordinary rosary and tell him to recite it three times or four times? The curious thing is that Père Mézard and others quote these cases as *proving* the Dominican tradition. Mgr. Esser, O.P., *Zur Archaeologie der Paternoster-Schnur*, p. 339, appeals to the above example as a clear case of a bead-string which was *not* a rosary.

Father Jarrett would not have us suppose that this was a Rosary of a thousand beads. No doubt in the 15th century we occasionally find the big beads called *paternosters*, but I do not think that this use was very common. In England they were generally known as "gaudies." I cannot therefore see that there is any definite evidence to show that the practice of dividing the strings of counters into sets of ten began with the time of St. Dominic. But this is an investigation which cannot be attempted here. I will only note in conclusion that the presentment of the Rosary tradition in the pages of Father Getino or Father Jarrett differs a good deal from what we read in the Breviary lessons, or in the Bulls of the Popes, not to speak of the glowing narrative of Blessed Francis de Possadas. When such distinguished and authoritative Dominican scholars as Père Mortier, Padre Getino and Father Bede Jarrett are prepared to go so far in throwing overboard the pronouncements of papal documents, I can see no harm in proceeding one short step further, and in urging, with the Bollandists of two centuries ago, that no Dominican tradition regarding the origin of the Rosary was ever heard of until the time of Alan de Rupe. It was in virtue of Alan's representations that the Order asked for Indulgences, and the Popes in granting them accepted the statements made in the petition without inquiry into the facts of history. So it was that the Holy See nearly always acted until comparatively recent times.

HERBERT THURSTON.

SPIRITUAL HEALING

“**A**MAZING manifestations of healing during his five years' tour and mission round the world were related by Mr. J. M. Hickson last night (September 14th) at Frizinhall Parish Church, Bradford, where on three days in October, beginning on the thirteenth, he is to conduct a mission of healing. There was a crowded congregation. He told of many cases of blindness that had been cured,—in two cases the persons had been blind from birth; of insane people suddenly becoming quiet and sane; of a girl in Johannesburg who had been crippled all her life, who came to the Cathedral in a chair and walked away healed; of club-feet being cured; of shrunken limbs being restored to normal length. . . . This spiritual healing, he reminded them was not suggestion; it was not psychotherapy; it was not Christian science; it was not Spiritualism. It was none of these things; it was the healing of the Lord Jesus Christ.”¹

This impending mission of Mr. Hickson, who is a layman, has full episcopal sanction. After his tour in Australia, the united Anglican hierarchy of that country issued a pastoral in which they bore enthusiastic testimony to facts of physical healing within their own experience, facts they say which “are quite incapable of explanation on any merely physical or mental basis. We awoke to the living romance of the Gospel in action in our midst. . . . The Gospels and the Acts live again, as the revelation of a healing power, which we have seen at work in the Church of our own day.” The Bishops then propose to encourage and regularize the practice of spiritual healing by issuing forms of service for the laying-on of hands and also for the anointing of the sick with oil in the Name of the Lord.²

But Mr. Hickson's activities are not isolated. They are only one section of a great movement among the non-Catholic denominations of these islands, for the restoration of a minis-

¹ The *Bradford Telegraph*, Sept. 15, 1924. The *Liverpool Courier* and other papers of the same date add for the strengthening of our faith that “Mr. Hughes, ex-Prime Minister of Australia, who has a great belief in the powers of Mr. Hickson, says: ‘Any attempt to explain them brings us to the very threshold of the unknown’.”

² Reported in the *Daily Telegraph*, May 9, 1924.

try of healing in their respective churches. "Anglo-Catholics," Evangelicals, and non-Conformists are all in the game. The Rev. R. C. Griffith, Vicar of St. Benedict's, Norwich, conducts with his Bishop's sanction, services with the laying-on of hands and the anointing of the sick, twice each month.¹ Mr. Griffith works under the auspices of the "Divine Healing Fellowship," which has for its patrons the Bishops of London, Kensington, and Willesden, and Prebendary Carlile. Its aims are similar to those of the Society of Emmanuel which Mr. Hickson founded nearly twenty years ago. In an address reported in the *Morning Post*, September 13th, 1923, the Rev. John Maillard, Warden of the Divine Healing Fellowship, said that he made no extravagant claims for this healing ministry, and then to show how modest they were, stated a few sentences further on: "The healing has extended to every conceivable human malady, and the large number of persons healed has put the question beyond any possible doubt." Mr. Maillard, like Mr. Hickson, is a great missionary. Last year he laid his hands on the Rev. Arthur T. Dence of Torquay, "a helpless invalid, suffering from an acute form of arthritis" and forthwith cured him. The Bishop of Exeter then appointed the *miraculé*, Mr. Dence, as his "messenger for healing" to the diocese and commissioned him to anoint the sick with oil which he had consecrated for that purpose. And wonderful cures were in due course reported.

The Guild of Health, with headquarters at 3 Bedford Square, is yet another spiritual healing organization under episcopal protection. Among its patrons are the Bishops of Winchester, Manchester, Oxford and St. Albans, and its President is the Bishop of Kensington. The Guild was founded more than twenty years ago by Dr. Percy Dearmer and others, for the study of spiritual healing. But it differs from its sister societies in many respects. Its methods are more genteel and it claims no miracles to justify its existence. Miracles would not be happy in the atmosphere of 3 Bedford Square.² The professed aim of the Guild is to bring "the power of Christ, through the re-education of the

¹ "People are healed every week in Norwich," Mr. Griffiths states to a newspaper representative. "We hold services in churches and on village greens, and hundreds of people come from every part of England. . . . I have a small bowl of oil, specially blessed by the Bishop of the Diocese, and I rub this oil over their temples and foreheads."—*The Record*, August 30, 1923.

² Cf. The amusingly vague and non-committal chapter on Miracles in *Spiritual Healing*, by the Rev. Harold Anson, chairman of the Guild of Health.

patients' thought and outlook on life, to bear upon the health of mind and body," an aim that might be described not unfairly as religious "Couéism."

The spiritual healing societies mentioned so far, are not the only ones which the Established Church has taken to her broad bosom. But they are typical of the rest. And now the question arises, what attitude must Catholics take up with regard to the movement which these societies are so successfully endeavouring to propagate. There are many points at which we are compelled to join issue with them, but in this article there is room for the consideration of only a few of the difficulties we feel.

First, there are the alleged miracles of spiritual healing. Mr. Hickson was careful to point out in his address at Bradford that the cures he wrought were not due to natural causes. They were miracles *sans phrase*, "the healing of the Lord Jesus Christ." And the Protestant episcopate of Australia, eminent and cultured men all of them, back him up in his contention. The cures they said were quite incapable of explanation on any merely physical or *mental* basis, so closing the last refuge of scepticism—suggestion. But with all respect to Mr. Hickson and the Bishops, scepticism must still be the attitude of any reasonable man. We are quite willing to believe that Mr. Hickson has worked plenty of cures and we do not say that it is impossible for God to work miracles outside the limits of His visible Kingdom on earth, provided they are asked for in the right spirit, for His glory and not for the glory of heresy or schism. But still a miracle is a miracle and the most important part of it is its proof. Where are Mr. Hickson's proofs that we may believe him? The 'miracles' of Mrs. Eddy's disciples are quite as well authenticated as his are, which is to say they are not authenticated at all. The cures reported so frequently in his journal, *The Healer*, are of just the same vague unverifiable class, which we find scattered so abundantly in the back volumes of *The Christian Science Sentinel*.

The *British Medical Journal* began to take an interest in Mr. Hickson's doings so far back as May 22nd, 1909. "One of the most serious difficulties," says the writer of an article in the issue of that date, "in arriving at a correct conclusion as to the curative powers claimed for spiritual healing is the intangible nature of the evidence. Most of the patients on behalf of whom prayers were asked in the earlier numbers of

The Healer . . . are vaguely described as suffering from 'rheumatism,' 'loss of nerve power,' 'spinal trouble,' 'low vitality and great weakness.'" The writer then cited two cases in which the symptoms were more definitely described, and continued, "these cases are sufficiently definite to be tested and we should be glad if Mr. Hickson would supply us with the information necessary for the purpose. We should undertake not to publish the names of the patients nor any particulars by which they could be identified." But Mr. Hickson completely ignored the friendly request. What a contrast to the attitude of the Medical Bureau at Lourdes where Doctors are welcomed with open arms and given every facility to pursue their investigations! A fortnight later the *Journal* succeeded independently in tracking down another of Mr. Hickson's alleged (and recent) cancer cures. But the cured clergyman was dead! In its issue of June 12th, 1909, it notices yet another cancer case, the patient this time being a Bishop.¹ The usual request for details and evidence was sent to Mr. Hickson with the usual result. The Mr. Hicksons of this world are wise in their generation. Nearer our own date twelve cures supposed to have been worked by him during his recent mission in Sydney were investigated for the *Daily Mail* by Mr. L. L. Woolacott of the *Daily Mail* staff. In not one case, the report ran, where there is even a sign of improvement, is there evidence that the patient would not have benefited considerably more by being put into the hands of a skilled psychotherapist instead of into the hands of Mr. Hickson.

With other spiritual healers who claim miraculous results the story is just the same. Mr. Griffith was invited by the Dean to preach in Westminster Abbey in August, 1923, and according to the report of his sermon in *The Times*, he said, referring to the healing mission at Norwich: "I myself have seen blind people see. We have seen one with a withered arm for sixteen years hanging at her side, suddenly shoot it out perfectly whole. We have seen cancers disappear within twenty minutes, etc., etc." When asked later by a reporter whether he included himself in the "we" who had seen cancers disappear in twenty minutes, he answered, "No. . . . I was simply implying that we who are interested in the

¹ This case needs to be read in full if one is to appreciate the full humour of Mr. Hickson's silences. But it is far too long to quote.

Church's Ministry of Healing had evidence of such a case."¹ The world is still waiting for that evidence. A still better indication of the state of mind of these gentlemen may be obtained from a recent *Handbook of Divine Healing*, by the Rev. J. T. Butlin, which somehow or other got the imprimatur of Dr. G. F. Searle, F.R.S., University Lecturer in Experimental Physics at Cambridge. It contains instance after instance of astounding cures wrought through Mr. Butlin's instrumentality. A patient in the last stages of cancer (they always are in these books!) whom the Doctors had given up as hopeless, recovered completely after anointing. But the Doctors' names are not given, nor their testimony, nor indeed a single word to enable an interested reader to investigate the "miracle" for himself. But hunting for evidence among the records of spiritual healing is sorry sport. The fox is shy and he runs to earth in alarm before the bugle is well to our lips. Already in 1910 the movement had attained such proportions that it was found necessary to appoint a committee of representatives of the clerical and medical professions, to investigate and discuss its results. Its members were all eminent men and included on the medical side such first rate authorities as Sir Robert Douglas Powell, Sir T. Clifford Allbutt and Dr. Gordon Mackenzie, each a communicant of the Church of England. "The Committee are of opinion," they say in concluding their Report, which was issued in April, 1914, "that the physical results of what is called 'Faith,' or 'spiritual' healing, do not prove on investigation to be different from those of mental healing or healing by 'suggestion.' They recognize that suggestion is more effectively exercised by some persons than by others, and this fact seems to explain the 'gifts' of a special character claimed by various 'healers.' . . . They are aware that no sharply defined, fundamental distinction can be drawn between 'organic' and 'functional' ailments. They are forced, however, to the conclusion, after the most careful inquiry, that 'Faith' or 'spiritual' healing, like all treatment by suggestion, can be expected to be permanently effective, only in cases of what are generally termed 'functional' disorders. The alleged exceptions are so disputable that they cannot be taken into account."²

¹ The *Evening Standard*, Sept. 3, 1923.

² *Spiritual Healing: Report of a Clerical and Medical Committee*, etc. London, Macmillan, 1914. Pp. 15 sqq.

In 1920, the Archbishop of Canterbury appointed another committee of investigation, in accordance with resolution 63, of the Lambeth Conference of that year. The Bishop of Oxford was Chairman and there were six other Bishops and many distinguished Doctors among the members. The gist of their Report is contained in the following paragraph: "Our Committee has so far found no evidence of any cases of healing which cannot be paralleled by similar cures wrought by psychotherapy without religion, and by instances of spontaneous healing which often occur even in the gravest cases, in ordinary medical practice."¹ Just as Lord Sand- wich was unwilling to furnish the Committee of 1910 with particulars of his cures, so Mr. Hickson informed the Committee of 1920 "that he had nothing particular that he wished to lay before them." They refer (p. 17) to his healing missions over-seas and while recording the enthusiastic testimony of the Australian episcopate to their fruitfulness for good, they go on to say: "Evidence of a contrary character has reached us, and many shared the doubts expressed by the Sub-Committee."

Mr. Hickson and his friends are then no miracle-workers. We do not for a moment doubt that they cure people. They do, and so do the Christian scientists, and so probably did the priests in the Temple of Aesculapius at Epidaurus. But their cures are not evidence of any supernatural intervention, beyond the ordinary economy of God's Providence. They are simply the raising of some inhibition or the banishing of some worry which gives the *vis medicatrix naturæ*, as we label our ignorance, a chance for its beneficent operations. Plato of old knew the trick well. He says in the Charmides: "Neither ought you to attempt to cure the body without the soul . . . you begin by curing the soul," and then Socrates relates how he "suggested" a young man out of a bad headache of which he complained.

The spiritual healers of our day are not an isolated phenomenon in history. They have had many forerunners. Valentine Greatrakes, "the Stroker," carried on healing missions in England and Ireland two and a half centuries ago. He, too, like Mr. Hickson, laid on hands and worked under what he considered Divine inspiration. And, of course, he had cures, lots of them, mainly be it noted, among the no-

¹ *The Ministry of Healing: Report of the Committee*, etc. London, S.P.C.K., 1924. Pp. 16-17.

bility and educated classes. In our own day Dowie and Schlatter have cured people by the thousand in America. And then there was Mrs. Eddy. The fact of the matter is that this healing craze is a recurrent and well-recognized phenomenon in the history of medicine. Only a few years back M. Coué was all the rage here in England, and spiritual healing is just Coué in clericals. The serpent of Aesculapius stirs periodically in his sleep and wags his tail, and then "miracles" are the order of the day. We Catholics are quite ready to admit that many cures at shrines and on pilgrimages were and are due to natural causes and can be paralleled in the annals of heresy, of paganism, and of ordinary medicine. But we do not admit, and for the best of reasons, that that is the whole story. Anyone who studies the official documents of Beatification and Canonization, or the records of the Lourdes bureau, must be convinced if he is honest that the cures there filed as specifically miraculous differ *toto caelo* from the instances alleged by ancient or modern spiritual healers. For, first of all, the evidence is there in its entirety; and secondly, the majority of accepted cures have not been of "patients suffering from mental persuasions of disease, nor from neurosis, nor from symptoms exaggerated by anxiety, but from such very concrete affections as tuberculosis, diagnosed by one or more physicians of standing, ulcers of various kinds, broken bones that have long failed to heal and other readily demonstrable organic affections." And further these cures were sudden, complete, and permanent, so that nothing but ignorance or impudence could for an instant place them in the same category as the "miracles" of spiritual healing.

But its slipshod methods, its neglect of ordinary prudence, its dislike of investigation and its impertinent and unauthenticated claims, are not our only charge against the movement. There are other aspects of it which touch us more nearly as Catholics, issues that go deeper than any question of mere evidence. Two Anglican dignitaries, the Bishop of St. Albans and the Bishop of Kensington have in public expressed their conviction that sickness is no more the will of God for man than sin. The second of them went further and asserted that "the falsely called virtue of Christian resignation has tied the hands of God throughout the ages."¹ Oh,

¹ Cf. *The Times*, May 8, 1924, in an account of a debate in the Upper House of Convocation, and a letter of Father Woodlock's in the *Church Times*, May 16, 1924.

St. Paul, St. Paul, what a blasphemer you were when you gloried in the Cross of your Master! And all ye saints and servants of God throughout the Christian centuries, how did ye miss the heart of the Gospel, which has been revealed to the Bishop of Kensington!

The Bishop of Kensington, God help him, is not alone in his glory. The nasty smell of his modernism, a very odour of death, is on much of the spiritual healing propaganda of to-day. But there we may leave him. A man that could say what he has said, is capable of saying anything.

Catholic teaching on the meaning and purpose of miracles is also quite opposed to the view which underlies and gives its impetus to the spiritual healing crusade. Its advocates contend that they are only reverting to the practice of Our Lord and His Apostles, and carrying out His command: "Heal the sick." In short they believe that miracles of healing are part of God's ordinary Providence for man. "What men are asking," writes the Protestant Archbishop of Dublin, "and are quite right in asking, is this: 'If Christ healed the sick why does not the Church heal the sick? . . . When did God sterilize the Church's power on this side of its activity.'"¹ In the past Anglican divines laboured hard to prove that miracles came to an end with Christ and His Apostles. Their successors are labouring just as strenuously to show that they did no such thing, or that if they did, it was only a temporary abeyance due to the Church's infidelity to her Master's plain command. One thing heresy cannot do and that is: keep its head. It is compact of panics and extremes. Scared by the inroads of Christian science it takes refuge in a theory of sheer spiritual Bolshevism, founded on bad exegesis and in itself subversive of the present order of God's Providence. Miracles, as their very name implies, are not the ordinary and natural means appointed by God for the recovery of health. They are a signal dispensation of His mercy, to which a man has no more claim than he has to the first grace of his justification. They appertain altogether to God's special Providence and are dispensed not according to any law but according to the economy of His secret purposes. Again they are in their essence evidential, for the glory of God or the confirming of His revelation and not primarily for the support of man. To ask for a miracle

¹ *Spiritual Healing*, by the Most Rev. John A. Gregg, D.D., Archbishop of Dublin, p. 3.

without first having availed oneself of all the medical resources within one's power is what we Catholics call the sin of tempting God. To go by many of the books on spiritual healing you would think Our Lord's only business on earth was to heal the sick. But then why did He leave His friend St. Paul in the lurch in spite of his earnest and oft-repeated prayer, and why did St. Paul not heal Timothy and Trophimus? And we might ask, too, if God meant us all to be healed of our ailments by the ministry of His Church, how any of us should ever die.¹ Old age could not be the way out because old age is itself a disease. And so fiery chariots would seem to be the only remedy left to Providence. But the whole argument is grotesque and it would be waste of time to deal with it further. We may just remark as a parting shot that this doctrine of general "curability" smacks of the disreputable philosophy which made pleasure (meaning good honest bodily pleasure such as a pig gets in its trough) the ultimate criterion of the good and the end of everything. And it gives a new edge to the problem of evil. If health is such a great thing (in some people's views as great a thing as holiness) how can a good God be responsible for this disease-haunted world? We could relieve Him in some measure from the weight of man's sins because man's will is free, but how relieve Him of the burden of his sufferings which not all the willing in the world can enable him to escape? The Catholic answer to that difficulty, is just—Calvary. But can the spiritual healer make that answer his own? Is not his ideal rather Apollo, bare and strong and beautiful in the freshness of the morning?

There is just one other point in connection with spiritual healing with which we have space to deal here. It is the question of Extreme Unction: The whirligig of time brings in its revenges and many earnest men outside the Catholic fold are yearning to have back again "the lost pleiad of the Anglican firmament." The spiritual healers with their laying-on of hands and their use of oil are groping pathetically after something which they feel must have been part of God's redeeming plan. They have missed their way, having no guide, and are putting the emphasis on the wrong place, on the lesser of the two great enemies of man's body. Death, after all, is the ultimate thing. "What we should

¹ "Of course it never was and never could be God's will that a man should die of disease." G. A. Studdert-Kennedy, M.A., *The Healer*, Nov. 1923, p. 341.

earnestly desire," said the *Church Times* in a recent issue, "is the restoration of that sacrament which, in so many centuries of the Church's history, has strengthened the sick with supernatural grace and brought assurance of God's love and mercy, together with bodily health in many cases, when the Christian is confronted with the possible approach of death. We may not all suffer from sickness, but we must all die, and we should wish to be fortified with God's grace in preparation for that last hour." A similar desire is expressed in a recent book of healing: "We should pray earnestly that this sacrament may be officially restored to us as part of that great revival of life which God is sending to His Church in England."¹ Any non-Catholics who want the sacrament of Extreme Unction know where to find it. The Catholic Church has no "Ministry of Healing." Her priests are not medicine-men. Goodness knows they have plenty to do without assuming the doctor's role. It is their business to direct souls, and by means of *that* spiritual healing, who can say how many cures they have made? The Sacraments of the Church are not miraculous in their operation. In defining the effects of Extreme Unction the Council of Trent stated in dignified sober words that "*at times* [the sick man] obtains bodily health, when expedient for the welfare of the soul." And even if people are cured, as they are "at times," the cure is not miraculous. It is brought about probably through the reaction of the strengthened soul on the weak and failing body.² But this only happens when God sees it would be to the advantage of the soul. The soul is everything. What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his soul?

JAMES BRODRICK.

¹ *Healing*, by the Rev. M. R. Newbolt. S.P.C.K., 1924, p. 55. This is by far the best and sanest book on Spiritual Healing which has yet been published.

² J. Kern, *De Sacramento Extremæ Unctionis*, 1907.

MISCELLANEA

I. CRITICAL AND HISTORICAL NOTES

THE PORTENT OF BISHOP BARNES.

THE "Anglo-Catholics" who rejoiced at the appointment of Dr. Frere to the Bishopric of Truro, as giving them at last a representative on the diocesan Episcopal bench, have been proportionately downcast at the appointment of Canon Barnes of Westminster to the See of Birmingham. For Canon Barnes is a pronounced "modernist," who has made himself notorious by denying the Fall of Man and, by consequence, the whole scheme of Redemption. He is, in fact, a leader amongst that group of "Modern Churchmen" who are busily engaged in evacuating the meaning of the creeds whilst retaining their historic phraseology. That such a man should have become a Canon of any self-styled Christian Church is sufficiently astonishing: that, in spite of his record, he should be made a Bishop is simply portentous. Not that it portends the disruption of an institution expressly constructed to stand such shocks. It will not affect the stability of Anglicanism, however in God's Providence it may help some Anglicans to realize their false and desperate position. Anglicanism is not kept together by any inherent living principle capable of being hurt or paralysed, but merely by the external framework of its legal establishment. Nothing, therefore, that is done in accordance with the laws of that establishment can make it any weaker than it is. The appointment of a more or less unbelieving Bishop, by a layman of another creed, to teach and rule part of its flock is so much in accordance with past precedent that few will see its significance and no one will be able to prevent it. No doubt, the Bishop of Zanzibar will ask again: "Where then does the Church of England stand?" and perhaps he will excommunicate his brother of Birmingham as he once did his brother of Hereford, now none the less securely ruling at Durham. But the Anglican Church at large will take Bishop Barnes to her comprehensive bosom and be never a penny the worse.

What the appointment serves to illustrate is that, because she has no definite rule of faith and therefore no means of detecting heresy and expelling heretical teachers, the Church of England cannot be the Church of Christ. These "Modern Churchmen" are trying their best, not to destroy their Church, but to save it from perishing as an effete anachronism. They are endeavouring to save it from the plague of secularism by in-

oculating it with a strong dose of rationalist spirit. They are willing to make it the slave of natural science if only thus it may be permitted to remain alive. And so they are loyal, as well as modern, Churchmen, and the authorities of Anglicanism, so far from rebuking them, advance them to positions of dignity and responsibility. The Church papers which do retain some notion of the supernatural character of Christianity are thus called upon to maintain communion with these men, who are not in their eyes genuine Christians. They respond nobly to the sacrifice demanded. *The Guardian*, with a magnificent effort of tolerance, welcomes Canon Barnes to the episcopate, although in the past "we have been obliged more than once to express our divergence from some of the Bishop-designate's views," being convinced "that he will bring to the Bench a mind and an outlook which cannot fail to strengthen it and a philosophic knowledge of a kind uncommon amongst his future brethren." The *Church Times*, more deeply wounded, yet trusts with pathetic optimism that the new Bishop, although out of sympathy with the Catholic movement, may by contact with his zealous and self-sacrificing ["Anglo-Catholic"] flock learn "to see the revival from a new angle" and "to stimulate where he has before criticized and to co-operate where he has opposed,"—in other words, that the flock may teach the Bishop, the sound apples cure that which has gone bad.

The elevation of Canon Barnes has no direct concern for Catholics, except in the sense suggested above as emphasizing the contrast between the true Church and the sects, and except that it gives more prominence to the utterances of one who has always shown himself the scornful foe of Catholicity. At the Oxford Conference he sneered at the Pope for not accepting what he called the "doctrine" of evolution. Again at Oxford he traduced the memory of the dead and the reputation of the living by saying that the late Father Tyrrell, "himself a Jesuit," accused the Jesuits of "giving permission to sin boldly." He seems capable of using any argument, however discreditable, in order to gratify his animus against the Faith. Challenged by a Nonconformist minister to debate the validity of the supposed "doctrine" of evolution he pronounced an *ex cathedra* decision as follows:

I do not think that any useful purpose would be served by such a debate. All competent biological specialists throughout the civilized world are now agreed that man has been evolved from lower forms of life. He is, in fact, derived from some generalized ape-like stock. If you do not accept this conclusion there is nothing to be said. Posterity will smile at your refusal.

It was surely Canon Barnes and his like that Mr. Bernard Shaw had in mind when he contrasted, in his Preface to "Saint Joan," certain modern claims to infallibility with that humble, limited and impersonal form authenticated in the Pope.¹ As a matter of fact, smiling has already begun, but not at the Non-conformist pastor. His own generation is genuinely amused at the puerile credulity of Canon Barnes, who, in face of the history of scientific theories, thus innocently elevates a plausible hypothesis into an irrefutable dogma. When theories pass into accredited facts and consistent laws, then we should be foolish not to accept them, but Evolution is as yet far from reaching that stage. However, it is the way of the rationalist to ignore the difficulties aroused by his pre-judgments and to prefer reiteration to argument, much in the spirit of those who for the space of two hours cried, "Great is Diana of the Ephesians."

It is noteworthy that the selection of Canon Barnes for Birmingham has caused much less commotion, even amongst the "Anglo-Catholic" section of the English Church, than the elevation of Dr. Hensley Henson, a less unorthodox divine, to the See of Hereford in 1916, and this in spite of the alleged spread of "Catholicity" in Anglicanism. There are no appeals to the Archbishop of Canterbury not to consecrate, no meetings of protests, no signatures of petitions. The Anglican Church is more comprehensive (of contradictions) and more tolerant (of error) than ever.

J.K.

INCHCOLM AND ST. COLUMBA.

IN the Firth of Forth, where the easterly "haar" comes creeping in from the grey North Sea, and the fogs roll down from the mountains, there are a few small islands, so small, so often obscured by the dank sea-mist that nobody remembers their story, or that they have any. But they have—most fascinating stories! Many of them were centres of spiritual and intellectual light during the so-called "Dark Ages," and one of them—"Inchcolm"—is especially interesting as having been the "Patmos," where some of the "most excellent of the earth" retired from worldly things for the testimony of the Lord Jesus Christ.

It is a familiar paradox that places best known are often least known. That is true of Inchcolm. Thousands live in daily sight of it; seamen ply their calling round it; the tourist sometimes sets eye and foot on it, but their knowledge of it is most meagre. They know its name and that it has the ruins of a

¹ See THE MONTH, August, 1924, p. 98.

Monastery—ruins haunted only now by jackdaws—and that is all. Advertising agents and tourists' guides call it dramatically the "Iona of the East," but why? Nobody knows, nobody cares! Perhaps because it is an island; because it is a rock; because the waves beat against it and the sea-fowl screech continually!

But if we know the fascinating history of Inchcolm, we find the tourists' guide is nearer the truth than he suspects.

Inchcolm was anciently called Aemonia or Emona, and there are many theories of the origin of the name, but the most likely is that it is derived from E, an island and Mon, isolated; literally an isolated island. It retained its ancient name until the twelfth century, when it was superseded by the designation St. Colme's Inch, now the modern Inchcolm. It is affirmed¹ that the great missionary St. Columba resided for some time on the island while engaged in bringing the Picts under the influence of Christianity. This must have been about the year 567. But the residence of Columba there is by no means an accredited fact; yet even if it were so, it has no connection whatever with the change of name, which did not take place until 1123, when King Alexander founded the Monastery and dedicated it to him.

This small island, little more than half a mile in length, and about one hundred and fifty yards across its broadest part, is high and rocky, and has a wealth of historical and antiquarian associations. But for us the outstanding interest in Inchcolm circles round its now ruined Monastery.

About the year 1123, Alexander, having some business of State which obliged him to cross over from Fife, was overtaken by a terrible storm and engulfed in fog and thrown up against the rocks of Aemonia. Here they found a poor anchorite who lived a religious life according to the rule of St. Columba. His habitation was a small unpretentious stone hut where he supported himself upon the milk of a cow, and the shell-fish which he picked up at the edge of the rocks. On this fare he entertained the King and his retinue for three weeks. While the storm raged and all were in terror of their lives Alexander made a vow that if St. Columba preserved him he would found there a Monastery to his honour. His Majesty was moreover moved to this pious resolution by having from his childhood entertained a great veneration for the Saint of Iona derived from his parents, who were long married without issue, until, imploring the aid of Columba, their request was graciously granted.²

Such is the romantic story attached to the Monastery of Inchcolm.

Alexander died in 1124—a tragic death. Riding along the shores of Fife one night in a drifting mist, his horse stumbled

¹ *Scotichronicon* MS.

² *Scotichronicon*, lib. v., c. 37.

and fell over the cliffs at Kinghorn, and when horse and rider were found the King was dead. David I.—that "sair sanct"—succeeded him and carried out his intention, founded the Monastery and brought there the Canons Regular of St. Augustine.

Fifty-five years after its foundation the Monastery of Inchcolm was granted a "charter" by a Bull under the hand of Pope Alexander III. The document placed the Monastery under the protection of St. Peter and conferred upon it innumerable privileges. It confirmed to it all its possessions—"the gifts of the faithful sons of the Church." It made it a place for the privileges of the rites of the Church in the event of the country lying under the ban of excommunication—a provision which testifies at once to the lawlessness of monarchs and the power of the Papacy. It ordained it a place of sepulture for the ashes of the holy dead, and it was "Sanctuary" for all.

St. Columba got the credit of landing Alexander safely on Aemonia's Isle, and since that day legend upon legend has sprung up regarding miracles wrought through his instrumentality on the stormy waters of the Firth. His name was the talisman against the attacks of English raiders and pirates, and many were the mighty deeds and deliverances wrought under its influence. We are a fiction-loving age—we must have thrills. But we have only to read the accounts of the wonders wrought on Inchcolm and round it in the pages of the "*Scotichronicon*" to satisfy to the full our thirst for adventure.

And legends, after all, should be treated respectfully, for they are made by and reflect the popular mind.

G. K. Chesterton goes further and says that "legends should be treated more respectfully than books of history, for they are generally made by the majority of people in the village who are sane and the book is generally made by the one man in the village who is mad." However that may be, the legends told about Inchcolm, though they may be garbed with the miraculous, have generally as a fundamental basis, historical facts. Like the castle on its neighbour, Inchgarvie, which was used in past centuries as a State prison, the Monastery of Inchcolm was sometimes also used for that purpose. There is a dungeon in the basement of the Tower, with the circular aperture overhead, where many notable prisoners experienced "durance vile." There are several great names upon the list of those who were imprisoned on this sea-rock, many of whom died there in captivity and were buried there. The Monastery, though ruined, is in tolerably good condition, the isolated position of the island having protected the building from the most ruthless vandalism, but the Lady Chapel is an utter ruin. Of all the waste places, the desolations of former centuries connected with Inchcolm, Our Lady's Chapel is the most complete. Then there

stands a ruined block of buildings between the Forth and the Choir on its north side, which tradition states is the remains of a lazaretto erected for the accommodation of the plague-stricken people of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, when the island of Inchcolm was set apart for quarantine purposes. But the greatest object of attraction, more ancient than the Monastery and even more interesting, is the stone hut, like a Highland shieling where once dwelt the holy anchorite who succoured King Alexander. A considerate proprietor has restored the "Capel-lula," as it is called in some records, and it stands to-day very much like what it was externally in the time of Alexander. The vaulted roof, the slit in the gable end, the position of door and many other things show us clearly that by the anchorite it was used as a chapel. It is the boundary of the Monastery grounds and is said in the history of the Monastery to have been set apart as "a desert" by the monks. It is impossible now to determine its age, but we are safe to assume that it was in existence centuries before the Monastery. The manuscript copy of the "Scotichronicon" which belonged to the Abbey of Cupar, and which, like the other old manuscripts of the "Scotichronicon," was written before the fifteenth century, refers to Inchcolm as the temporary dwelling of St. Columba himself when he was engaged in teaching the Gospel of Our Lord to the Picts and Scots. Though we can place no very great assurance upon that statement we cannot possibly doubt that in Inchcolm we have still standing, within eight miles of Edinburgh, a relic—perhaps the oldest existing—of the primitive Scottish Church, and at the same time a memorial of the message of the great and good Apostle, whose name has made this lonely rock sacred ground for 1,300 years.

With the dissolution of the Monasteries, Inchcolm lost its prestige. The sacred building, left to the mercy of wind and rain and mist and storm, gradually crumbled; and the revenues found their way into other money bags than those of the almoners of the poor. To-day it stands in "the gallant Firth," uninhabited, isolated, surrounded by the chill sea-haar and the screaming sea-fowl. Its glory has indeed departed.

J. L. GORDON.

II. TOPICS OF THE MONTH

**The
Progress of
Peace.**

The last two months have witnessed throughout Europe many manifestations of a growing hatred of war and of all that leads to it. It would seem that the tide of egoistic and aggressive nationalism which the war stimulated is beginning to ebb, and that the wider interests of humanity, constantly jeopardized by national selfishness, are receiving at last proper consideration. It has taken a long time for eager patriots to realize that the world is now so closely-knit that it suffers or prospers as a whole and that one nation cannot in the long run benefit by the beggary of a neighbouring nation. The notion of punishing the beaten foe, so natural yet so impracticable, so right yet so inexpedient, has tacitly been given up. That "mutual condonation of injuries" proposed by Benedict XV. and rejected superciliously by short-sighted statesmen, is now more clearly seen to be the only way to security and peace. And therefore, though militarists still plot and threaten, and though barbarians are still actually fighting, the common sense of the world is engaged in planning the abolition of war. The most noteworthy evidence of the fact was the joint presence of the Premiers of Great Britain, France and Belgium, at the Fifth Assembly of the League of Nations early in September, where all made eloquent speeches in strong support of the principles of the League, and in general agreement with each other. All were agreed that the test of good-will in the matter of peace is a readiness to submit claims to arbitration. All were agreed that a drastic measure of disarmament is necessary for security. All were agreed that the settlement with Germany on the basis of the Dawes plan had at last opened the way to the fuller operation of the League. All were agreed that Germany should be admitted to the League on the terms laid down by its Covenant. The British Premier was naturally more emphatic and more detailed on the necessity of German collaboration than the French, but in M. Herriot's brilliant speech there were many welcome assurances that European peace and unity were the chief aims of his Government. Altogether the Fifth Assembly of the League brought it a great accession of strength and prestige, and although the resulting practical proposals, embodied in an Arbitration and Disarmament Protocol, have still to be criticized and discussed, the proceedings of the Assembly have been marked by a greater hopefulness and a fuller sense of reality than heretofore.

The League
attacked
by "The Times."

Of course there are critics and cavillers in abundance. Even before the proposals of the British delegation were accurately known *The Times* was fulminating against them; quite unnecessarily, as it happened. But the nationalist spirit is so rife everywhere, not only in the jingo press, that the mere mention of sacrifice for the common good rouses resentment.

No scheme [said the Prime Minister at Dundee on his return from Geneva] can be produced but that the critical minds of men can prove to you beyond the possibility of doubt that it cannot work. I daresay, when our ancestors were striving and struggling on their upward path, that the philosophers of their day, every time a new faith was born and every time a new hope glimmered in hearts which saw ahead and were determined to struggle ahead, proved one and all that it was altogether impossible, that as we were so we are and so we shall be.

Under the influence of this narrow pessimism, *The Times* has lately consistently "crabbed" the League of Nations' idea, whether because Labour approves and fosters it, or because it too is swayed by that "fear and distrust" which it notes as the spring of French international policy. It minimizes the effect of the League's work and emphasizes its purely advisory and consultative capacity. It pours scorn on "idealism," forgetting that the idealist may well be the most practical of all men, since he evokes spiritual forces which the mere realist cannot touch. Forgetting again the dominant position which the Commonwealth occupies in the League—it has seven members therein and pays a quarter of the whole budget—it shrieks at the idea of the British Navy being placed, although no one so proposed to place it, "at the disposition of an organization of foreign lawyers and diplomatists"—a most disingenuous and discreditable description of the chief creation of the Peace Treaty. There is no sign that it faces the alternative, even of the partial failure of the League—the desperate game of competing alliances and armaments—or that it realizes that the time is fast approaching when the common people—the people who fight and suffer—will insist on their Governments ceasing to use war as their main instrument of policy.

Non-official
Peace
Movements.

The growth of the League's influence is consoling, but even more hopeful is the spread of so many non-official organizations which have the world's peace for their object. Here the League of Nations Union, which exists to propagate peace principles amongst the British people, and which less than four years ago numbered 10,000 people, has now (August) reached

a membership of 402,592, and is growing daily. There are other organizations of the sort in other countries, and delegates from each hold an annual convention, the first object of which is mutual help and encouragement in promoting peace. This year the meeting was held at Lyons in July, when for the first time a German delegation, headed by Count Bernstorff, appeared on French soil and was in full agreement with the French and British on the question of reparations. The Catholic Council for International Relations which took shape in London last June is working to promote international peace through international understanding, a function for which those possessing the Catholic faith are obviously well fitted. In August there assembled at Lujano in Switzerland a Conference of the Catholic International League for Peace, promoted by a Catholic body which originated in Austria during the war and became capable of international action afterwards. There have been international Catholic Peace Conferences every year since 1920, and every year marks a growth in solidarity and effectiveness. Their work for peace is exceedingly practical,¹ and this year's Conference has devised measures of reorganization which will make the International League a real power. Even the holy cause of Peace can be promoted on wrong principles and by wrong methods, and therefore the more fully Catholics throw themselves into it, the more stable and speedy will be its progress.

**Peace
Meetings in
London.**

Nearer home last month we have witnessed other movements in the same general direction. The fourth "International Democratic Congress for World Peace" was held in London on September 16th—19th. Our Catholic Council took no official part in it for the same reason that Catholic societies did not share officially in the C.O.P.E.C. demonstration, but there was a strong French Catholic delegation headed by M. Marc Sangnier, who is President of the Central Committee. Here again French and Germans met in perfect amity, and the Holy Father, in response to M. Sangnier's announcement of the fact and purpose of the Congress, sent his blessing "to all who labour for the realization of the programme of the Peace of Christ in the Kingdom of Christ." A large number of English societies, interested in the promotion of peace but not all taking the Catholic view, joined in this Congress which was followed throughout the country by the annual "No More War" demonstrations, significant of the growing detestation of this relic of barbarism.

¹ There is in France a "League for International Justice," and even a society called "Correspondence Franco-Allemande," which promotes personal intercourse between French and German families.

**Ex-Soldiers
for
Peace.**

But perhaps the most consoling manifestation of all was the contemporaneous meeting, also in London, of the "Inter-Allied Federation of ex-Fighting Men," which numbers some 5,000,000 members, and which is organized, not only for their sectional interests, but also and mainly, as was stated many times during their visit, to do all that is possible to eliminate the causes of war and to establish friendly relations between all those who had had actual experience of it. It dates from 1920, when representation of the different organizations established in each country to forward the interests of ex-combatants met at Paris. Since then it has grown largely, and now extends its aims to working for the prevention of war. An important step was foreshadowed when after a discussion inaugurated by the British Legion it was resolved to ascertain the feeling amongst ex-Service men in ex-enemy countries in regard to peace. The British Legion had proposed that the rule against admitting ex-enemy associations to the Federation should be abandoned; the resolution adopted represents a compromise, but there is little doubt that at the meeting next year in Rome the I. in F.I.D.A.C. will be made to stand for "International." Already certain German associations have made inquiries regarding the possibility of a World-Alliance of ex-Soldiers to promote international peace. There is no lover of peace like your ex-fighting man, provided he has not been permanently brutalized by his experience, for he has seen war from the inside and knows the physical and moral horrors inseparable from it. The League of Nations could desire no better support than to have the ex-warriors of the world behind it.

**Support from
the
Intellectuals.**

We are not so much impressed by that branch of the League which is called the "Committee of Intellectual Co-operation." The savants have generally little effect on their own generation. Yet they are doing good work in helping to restore the collapsed structure of learning in Eastern Europe, in assisting impoverished scholars to have access to books now beyond their means, in spreading the idea of co-operation between nations, and so forth. And since this year the Germans in the person of Einstein have been admitted to the Committee and the French Government has offered to house and partially endow the Committee, its utility should be greatly increased.

Outside the League, again, is the French "Groupement Universitaire pour la Société des Nations," which has formed this year with certain kindred bodies an International University Federation that met at Prague in April. It now represents eight nations and eight more are planning to join it, and thus further the League of Nations conception.

**International
Peace
not impossible.**

These are instances of the gigantic effort that is being made to change the mentality of the world in regard to war. The task itself is gigantic, for hitherto, war which each State can normally prevent within its own borders, has met with no force strong enough to prevent it beyond. And so the race has dumbly acquiesced in the idea of war as an inevitable phase of inter-State relations, and the practice of the world has made it almost inveterate. And the public conscience has soothed itself by repeating the silliest of fallacies—"You can't change human nature; man is a fighting animal: there will always be unjust and aggressive nations and glittering prizes to tempt them"—as if human evolution had reached its term and no further progress was possible. No Christian, at any rate, has any warrant in so thinking: the heaven of the Gospel has not lost its efficacy. We are bound to extend its influence as far as we can and to repudiate with all vigour the common notion that the moral law does not govern the State and that the citizen is not responsible for the State's conduct. Is the young generation being brought up on those sound lines? If so, the history text-books of past generations which glorified war and condoned national injustice must have been scrapped. The Conference at Lyons mentioned above was evidently alive to this danger, for amongst its resolutions was one which proposed to seek "the co-operation of teachers" and other organizations in securing the elimination from school-books of passages calculated to foster hostility between nations. The Queensland Labour Government, following the example of that of Victoria, means to go further and "to abolish history lessons relating to wars."¹ This, of course, is going to the other extreme, since it would prevent the present generation from profiting by the errors and wrongs of the past, but it shows a determination to break with harmful traditions.

**An Object-Lesson
in
Disarmament.**

The problem which M. Herriot and Mr. MacDonald sought to solve in their several fashions at Geneva was how to combine disarmament with security. The British Premier insisted on the material side—"Disarm, and then no one need fear, for no one can perpetrate, aggression": the French emphasized the moral—"Get the will to peace and then disarmament will spontaneously follow." Denmark, as a small nation could more easily than a great one, has determined to follow the MacDonald plan. She proposes to abolish her navy and to reduce her army to a frontier guard, thus saving an expenditure of about three million pounds. Her security, henceforward, is in Article 12 of the League Covenant, which prevents any member from attack-

¹ *The Times*, Sept. 24th.

ing another until his quarrel has been submitted to arbitration by the Council. There is no reason why other small nations, whose armaments cannot save them from being overrun by a great Power, should not seek and find their security in like fashion. They are too weak for aggression or defence: why waste their resources on armaments? The example of Denmark may move them thus practically to enter upon the new era of international peace, but they will move quicker if they see the greater Powers showing the same trust in the Covenant, by which all are bound, as they themselves show. The choice has to be made sooner or later—either to rely on national armaments for security or on an international compact enforced by economic or military sanction.

**Germany
must join the
League.**

The success of this compact in Europe depends on the inclusion of all the European nations in the League. It seems certain that Germany would be admitted to-morrow if she applied, and on the terms common to the other great Powers. By accepting the Dawes arrangement she has returned to close and friendly economic relations with her former foes. The political relations must follow. She herself seems disposed to seek admission to the League and has initiated preliminary inquiries. But she cannot expect that her late foes would welcome her if her admission meant the substantial revision of the Treaty of Versailles, which was framed in the main on the assumption that she was the guilty aggressor in the war. If that assumption were abandoned, that whole part of the Treaty concerned with reparations and disarmament would have to be abandoned too. She would therefore be well advised at present to leave the question of guilt on one side, and accept the Treaty as the consequence of having been beaten in the field. We have frequently exposed the folly of expecting any form of national repentance. To produce that attitude of will we should have to create a complete change of mind in some sixty million people, show them that their reading of history was all wrong, their knowledge and interpretation of facts mistaken, and their foes the just avengers of national wickedness. Is that in any circumstances a psychological possibility? In a *resumé* of the war called *These Eventful Years*, prominent Germans like Von Tirpitz, Ludendorff and Harden express their present minds. The first-named justifies all that Germany did, from the invasion of Belgium to the submarine campaign in all its phases. The General maintains that Germany was not really beaten, whilst Max Harden denounces the British Empire in worse terms than we were accustomed to apply to the Prussian. These men may not have a very extensive following in the Republic, but more than would adopt their policy would share their views. The idea of Germany as a whole

repenting, therefore, however comforting it would be to our consciences, may be dismissed as absurd. She will face the consequences of defeat, but still maintain her point of view. Historians, fifty years hence, may, as Mr. MacDonald suggests, be better able to assess the responsibility for the war: there will be no common agreement in this generation. The Allies must let Germany abound in her own sense whilst insisting on being permitted to abound in theirs.

**The
Problem of the
Soviets.**

The admission of Russia governed by the Soviets is not possible. The form of government is no bar, but the spirit of the men who administer it makes decent intercourse with them impossible. In word and deed they write themselves down as unredeemed savages, outside the pale of civilized society. Even if one half only of what is reported of them is true, they cannot be admitted into the comity of nations. We can only wait and wonder whether the dumb and down-trodden millions whom they oppress will find a deliverer, or whether under pressure of economic necessity the Soviet Republic will give up its world-revolutionary ideals and allow Russia to return to prosperity and strength. No doubt Parliament will see that no loans to the Russian Government are sanctioned without the strongest possible guarantees of right behaviour on its part. It must be taught that it cannot have its cake and eat it. But until it is included in the League, the movement to reduce armaments must be greatly hampered. How could Poland be expected to weaken its defence against so wholly unprincipled a neighbour?

**Spain
and the Riff.**

It is not easy to make up one's mind concerning the wisdom of Spain's campaign in the Riff. A pseudonymous writer in the *Saturday Review* (September 20th), claiming to be a Catholic, is so sure of its injustice that he calls it "this outrage which is being perpetrated by Spain upon a Moslem people, who after all are only defending their own country." This soi-disant Catholic further complains that he cannot get his protests published in the Catholic press because "it evidently is frightened of the Catholic hierarchy," Spain being a Catholic power, and follows up this ridiculous insinuation by saying that the Catholic Peace Congress at Lujano "was something very like an orgy of hypocrisy" because Spain's military activities in Morocco were "not even mentioned" there. That the writer has some object in vilipending Spain is more evident from his letter than that he is a Catholic. What he calls "the attempted conquest of the Riffian Moors" is put in a truer light by an undoubted Catholic, Mr. Belloc, in a series of articles to the *Morning Post* sent from the spot. Spain has no wish to conquer the

Riffs, but simply to protect her coast towns and the narrow strip of territory around them which no more belongs to the Riffi than the N.-W. Frontier Province of India belongs to the hill-tribes that fringe it. Spain must maintain what was assigned to her by the Algericas Conference of 1906, at the risk of finding another Power taking up the position she abandoned. The Riff chiefs have rejected a settlement which would have left them independent, and it looks as if the agencies which have supplied and are supplying them with arms and ammunition had stirred up the revolt in their own interests. At all events, Spain "being a Catholic Power" is exposed to attack from the various infidel and anti-clerical press-agencies, and Catholics should be grateful to Mr. Belloc for helping them to understand the true state of affairs.

**Illicit Traffic
in
Arms.**

Mr. MacDonald at Geneva inveighed strongly against the "very active and growing illegal and illicit private traffic in and export of arms," which he called upon the members of the League to put down. It is a sad reflection on human nature that, in spite of our experiences of the great war, men are finding their livelihood in furnishing other men with the means of killing one another, altogether irrespective of right and justice. Before the war Krupps' agents were convicted of stirring up trouble between France and Germany in order to stimulate the trade in arms, and it would be affectation to deny that, the same causes existing now, the same results are to be expected. All private armament firms depend for their dividends upon orders, and orders vary inversely with the peace of the world. The first need of a generation struggling back to peace is strict regulation of this sinister traffic. The ideal is that each Government should manufacture what weapons it needs and that traffic in arms should be entirely prohibited. That is not practicable because not all Governments have the plant requisite, and so must depend upon private enterprise. Hence the necessity of a stringent control of this dangerous output. The Maharajah of Bikaner, speaking for India in the Assembly, drew a sad picture of the danger and expense to which that Dominion is exposed through the nefarious activities of the armament firms. The hardy and turbulent frontier tribes, he said, who have no higher ambition than to raid the plains, "are saturated with arms and ammunition imported from Europe." And, as is well known, a great deal of the armed violence in Eastern Europe during the last four or five years is due to the stores of war-material sold to all applicants. It would seem a matter of conscience for all who hold shares in armament companies either to ascertain that their goods are not distributed except to those who are engaged in a just conflict, or to withdraw their money from the concern. We now

see that the doctrine enunciated by the American Jefferson in 1793 regarding the right of neutrals to supply belligerents with arms irrespective of the justice of their cause is unsound in morals. Jefferson wrote:

Our citizens have been always free to make, vend, and export arms. It is the constant occupation and livelihood of some of them. To suppress their callings, the only means, perhaps, of their subsistence, because a war exists in foreign and distant countries, in which we have no concern, would scarcely be expected. It would be hard in principle and impossible in practice.

Assuming duelling to be lawful, no one would be justified in supplying combatant A with the means of killing combatant B without first ascertaining whether A was in the right or not—a principle which logically extends to corporations and States. When the Vatican Council reassembles it will give immense moral support to the cause of peace by defining the ethics of participation in alien quarrels.

Mr. Belloc
and
U. S. A.

In applying his thesis of the necessary conflict between the Church and the World to the concrete case of America, in his stimulating book *The Contrast*, Mr. Belloc has unwittingly done

his co-religionists in the States a disservice, for his argument, superficially interpreted, might be made to mean that the good Catholic cannot be a good citizen. In theory there can be no conflict between Church and State because both are powers ordained by God with their distinct spheres of action and purpose. But what if the State *de facto* throws off its allegiance to God and claims absolute authority? Then of course the Church, and the Catholic to whom the Church is God's oracle in faith and morals, must oppose the State, for the latter has gone beyond its own sphere and usurped jurisdiction that does not belong to it. Mr. Belloc seems to think that the State in America is tending in this direction, and that therefore a conflict is inevitable unless it retraces its steps. And an event in New South Wales has lately occurred to furnish him with an apposite illustration. Writing in January of this year we expressed a hope that the N.S.W. legislature would give short shrift to a foolish and bigoted project called the "Marriage Amendment Bill," which penalized the declaration that marriages contracted in defiance of the diriment impediments laid down by the Church are invalid. That hope was vain. Lately the Government has been forced by Orange bigotry to pass that Bill, and it is now a penal offence for anyone to say that the remarriage of divorced persons is invalid or for any officiating minister not to state, on the marriage certificate, that persons, legally but not validly married

previously, *were* lawfully married. Here we have a clear illustration of what Mr. Belloc means. What New South Wales and, we believe, New Zealand also, have done in passing legislation against the Law of God and enforcing it under penalty will presently be done in the United States. Those who have answered him there have merely pointed to the Constitution and to Papal declarations that the Constitution, as hitherto worked, has been in harmony with Catholic principle. But a practice has begun of adding to the Constitution and interpreting it in a way injurious to Christian liberty. Will that practice cease? Yes, if Catholics use their due influence and oppose all projects that infringe on the rights of conscience. Otherwise, probably not. But in any case the conflict in question cannot be called inevitable.

**Divorce
impossible in
Ireland.**

In Catholic countries, or countries where the Catholic view of marriage is still prevalent, there are no divorce laws. Spain, Italy, the Catholic Provinces of Canada, get on happily without a practice which to the modern non-Catholic, as to the Jews of old, seems to be the only device that makes marriage tolerable. In Ireland the Catholic view is prevalent, yet attempts are being made in Dail Eireann to introduce bills legalizing divorce *a vinculo*. Of course, Irish Protestants are in favour of such legislation, pleading speciously that they are deprived of "rights" which their co-religionists enjoy elsewhere. The plea is specious, for no one has any rights against the law of God; a Mussulman in this country might as reasonably insist on polygamy being recognized by Law. Some day, in America or elsewhere, euthanasia may be made legally permissible, but a Christian State would still be bound not to allow the practice. Before the Free State was set up, non-Catholics in Ireland could be divorced, as a favour not as a right, only by the vote of the British Parliament. They are deprived of nothing they have a claim to by the institution of the new Government. The constitution which guarantees religious freedom does not thereby countenance polygamy or suttee or any such anti-social, essentially evil, practices. The whole matter is admirably discussed in a lucid article by Father Peter Finlay, S.J., in the September issue of *Studies*—an article which we trust will be made available for mass distribution in Ireland, where even Catholics sometimes need reminding of Catholic doctrine.

**Persecution
in
France.**

With incredible blindness, considering the French need of unity, with incredible meanness, considering the services to the country of the religious Orders, with incredible injustice, considering the elementary human rights of association,

the French Government have begun to carry out their anti-clerical programme, and begun in characteristic fashion by attacking the most innocent and most defenceless of their victims, an enclosed community of Poor Clares at Alençon. And, in face of protests from all quarters, they naïvely allege that they are not persecuting but only applying the existing law!—that law which even before the war was gradually falling into disuetude and which, it might be thought, the *union sacrée* of 1914—1918 had abolished for ever. Their hypocrisy and ingratitude is mercilessly exposed in the French Catholic press, and they have been compelled by the resistance in Alsace to respect the denominational character of education there. One hopes that that sturdy spirit may spread to other regions and that French Catholics, led by their clergy, may organize effective resistance to all these forms of injustice to which they have hitherto been prone to submit too tamely.

The recurrence in the *Church Times* (August 15th) of the old calumny against Bellarmine —that he said the Church would be bound to

believe the Pope if he taught error—which was brilliantly refuted in the next issue by Father Vassall-Phillips, indicates the utility of that storehouse of exploded myths and slanders against the Faith, *The Antidote*, published by the Catholic Truth Society. In the second of the three volumes hitherto compiled—and it is high time that the Series should be continued, for the third is dated 1913—under the heading "Calumnies against Cardinals,"¹ the answer to the ignorant allegation is to be found, quoted from these pages under date, May, 1908. What may possibly have given such longevity to this piece of nonsense is the fact that Lord Acton in his haste also misinterpreted the passage from Bellarmine, in the *North British Review* for October, 1869, for it is a well-known rule, constantly illustrated in the Press, that when once a Catholic bears testimony against his Church he becomes invested with infallibility in the eyes of Protestants. Bellarmine's argument is both plain and rational: if the Pope is infallible in matters of faith, he must be infallible in moral matters too, for they by definition also become matters of faith; as, for instance, the indissolubility of consummated Christian marriage.

Sufficient attention has already been paid in our weekly papers to the Anglican Bishop of Durham's claim to be apostolically descended from St. Cuthbert, a claim grotesque enough in any case, but especially so in the mouth of one who has hitherto

"Continuity"
Disproved.

¹ *The Antidote*, Vol. II., pp. 86—88.

ranked as a Protestant of the Protestants. St. Cuthbert and his Catholic successors had orders, mission and jurisdiction from Rome. Bishop Hensley Henson repudiates all three. Wherein then lies the bond of connection? It is singular to notice the distorting effects of a false theory on minds otherwise keen and candid. "Anglo-Catholics" boast that they are a part of the great Latin Church of the West, whilst their own Bishops at Lambeth declare that there can be no real union of Christendom so long as they are separated from the same Latin Church! How can you be reunited with that of which you are already a part? The pre-Reformation Church was a teaching Church, enforcing obedience, condemning and expelling heretics. At long last the *Church Times*, commenting on the interesting "infallibility" correspondence in its columns is compelled to admit that, failing the Catholic theory, there can be no certainty in religion, but only probability. "The fact that Christianity is an historical religion means that its foundations can never be theoretically unquestionable."¹ This gives the whole case for Anglicanism away, for it shows that under that system there can be no faith. Faith is the acceptance of a truth as absolutely certain: probability can never be the grounds of faith. To do it justice, the Anglican Church has never claimed the assent of faith to its teaching. But the pre-Reformation Church did.

**A Noteworthy
Bicentenary.**

THE MONTH may be permitted to join very heartily in the congratulations offered to its publishers, Messrs. Longmans, Green and Co., on the occasion of the 200th anniversary, in November, of the establishment of their Firm. Such longevity and continued vitality must surely be unique in the history of English publishing. Other ancient firms—Black's, Blackwood's, Murray's, Simkins', Macmillan's—were infants in arms when "Longmans" was already hoary. Many great literary names have been associated with the firm, but Catholics will notice especially that many of their chief historical and biographical works in recent years have been produced by Messrs. Longmans. Catholics were almost at the lowest ebb of their political fortunes when in 1724 the business was started. It would have surprised Bishop Challoner, who six years later began his strenuous but persecuted career, to know that the House then founded would later publish an account of his "Life and Times" in two sumptuous volumes. Nor is it likely that the original Thomas Longman in 1724 would have undertaken the publication of so purely Catholic a periodical as THE MONTH, which now offers its best wishes for the continued prosperity of his successors.

THE EDITOR.

¹ Leader, August 22nd.

III. NOTES ON THE PRESS

[A summary survey of current periodicals with a view to recording useful articles which 1) expound Catholic doctrine and practice, 2) expose heresy and bigotry, and 3) are of general Catholic interest.]

CATHOLIC DOCTRINE AND PRACTICE.

Biblical Inerrancy and the *Manuel Biblique* [W. Leonard, D.D., in *Australasian Catholic Record*, July, 1924, p. 8].

Coin of the Tribute, The [J. P. Arendzen, D.D., in *Catholic Gazette*, August, 1924, p. 209].

Pagans and Salvation [H. E. Calnan, D.D., in *Homiletic Review*, July, 1924, p. 1026].

Papal Monarchy in relation to Temporal Sovereignities [G. Breton in *Bulletin Ecclésiastique*, May—June; July—Oct., 1924].

CATHOLIC DEFENCE.

Anti-Clerical Legislation in France [Y. de la Brière, S.J., in *Etudes*, Sept. 5, 1924, p. 605].

Bible-teaching in U.S.A. [C. N. Lischka in *America*, Sept. 13, 1924, p. 516].

German Protestant "High Church" [Mgr. Batiffol in *Revue des Jeunes*, Sept. 10—25, 1924, p. 469].

Gore's Dr., Theory of Catholicism [P. Beaussard in *Revue des Jeunes*, July 25, 1924, p. 122].

Henson, Bishop Hensley, on "Continuity" refuted [*Universe*, Sept. 19, 1924; *Tablet*, Sept. 20, 1924].

Pseudo-Evolutionary Theories [G. McPrice in *America*, Aug. 2, 1924, p. 371].

"Rome's Clerical Recruits": lists of converted clergymen [*Stella Maris*, Aug., Sept., Oct., 1924].

POINTS OF CATHOLIC INTEREST.

Education: Montessori methods vindicated [Gerald Dease in *Irish Monthly*, Sept. 1924, p. 462] condemned [T. Corcoran, S.J., *Ibid*, Oct., 1924, p. 512].

Erasmus: An Appreciation [R. E. Brennan, O.P., in *Blackfriars*, August, 1924, p. 299].

Januarius, St., Critical Study of the Liquefaction of his blood [Canon Conry in *Catholic Times*, Sept. 6, 13, 20, 1924].

"Labour" not against Religion [J. Clayton in *Catholic Times*, Sept. 20, 1924, p. 7].

Levitation: Necessarily Miraculous? [H. Thurston, S.J., and others in *Catholic Medical Guardian*, July, 1924, pp. 57 and 83].

Peace, Catholic International Efforts for [C. C. Martindale, S.J. in *Tablet*, Sept. 13, 1924, p. 348].

Religious Instruction for Catholics: how neglected [C. Bruehl in *Homiletic Review*, July, 1924, p. 1009].

Socialists and "Confiscation" [H. Somerville in *Catholic Times*, Sept. 20, 1924, p. 10].

Spain: her past and future [H. Belloc in *Blackfriars*, Sept. 1924, p. 323].

REVIEWS

I—A MONUMENTAL WORK¹

IT is gratifying alike to those devoted to Blessed Peter Canisius, and to scholars in general, that, in spite of the monetary difficulties that at present harass Germany, the kindness of friends in many countries has enabled Father Braunsberger to continue the publication of his vast undertaking. In this, the eighth volume, the same excellent characteristics, so deservedly praised in these columns in the notices of previous volumes, are no less conspicuous. A carefully written and concise preface supplies a useful summary, indicating at the same time some errors of earlier biographers corrected by the present material; whilst a chronological table of twenty-six pages enables the student to follow with ease this last period of Canisius's life. There follows a bibliography of books referred to in the volume, and a full description of the manuscript sources from which the documents are derived. Each document, moreover, is accompanied by an introduction or summary and numerous but concise footnotes give all the information necessary for an intelligent reading of the varied material. The indexes, as in former volumes, are full and clear. Nothing indeed is omitted that could facilitate access to this vast store-house of information.

As indicated above, the contents of the present volume embrace the last years of Canisius's life (1581—1597) passed for the greater part at Friburg, whither he had been sent to lay the foundations of the college which Gregory XIII., at the instance of the Apostolic Nuncio Bohomini, and of the inhabitants of the town itself, had ordered the Society of Jesus to open. Already worn out by his strenuous labours in the cause of Christ, and in failing health, especially after his illness of 1591, these documents yet reveal Canisius as the patient, indefatigable worker even to the end. The 338 full letters, or summaries of letters which have perished—a good portion of which are here published for the first time—illustrate the wide range of his correspondence, whilst they indicate at the same time the great influence he exercised and the reverence in which he was held by his contemporaries. Amongst the hitherto unpublished letters, the correspondence of Canisius with St. Charles Borromeo, and with the Apostolic Nuncio Bohomini, rank the first in importance. The 353 documents that follow the epistles include, among other

¹ *Beati Canisii, S.J., Epistolæ et Acta*, collected and edited by Otto Braunsberger, S.J. Vol. VIII., 1581—1597. Freiburg: Herder. Pp. lxxi. 989. Price, 55s.

things, selections from sermons composed and preached by Canisius at Friburg during the years 1581—1589. It was only possible to give selections, for to print the whole of them would have needed a book in itself.

It might be thought that this volume, embracing as it does the closing years of his life, would be the concluding one of this great enterprise. But it is not so. In a wide and ever-continued research, extending over thirty years, other documents which were either unknown or difficult of access have been gathered together from time to time since the publication of the first volume in 1896: and so a further supplementary volume is promised, containing these unpublished pieces, together with a full bibliography of works on Canisius. It is to be earnestly hoped that the generosity of friends, as it made possible the publication of this volume, will also enable Father Braunsberger, at no very distant date, to bring to completion an enterprise which is not only a memorial of the zeal and saintliness of Canisius, but also of his own wide erudition and indefatigable industry. The rumour of the approaching canonization of this great Apostle of Germany will doubtless stimulate the charity of the Faithful.

2—THE MONASTIC IDEAL¹

WE spoke so fully and so favourably of Abbot Cuthbert Butler's *Benedictine Monachism* on its first appearance (see THE MONTH, November, 1919, pp. 430—440), that there is little left for us to say except to call attention to the publication of this new edition, now rendered accessible to a larger public by its much reduced price. Abbot Butler has not found it necessary to revise his text, but he has prefixed a second short preface, and he has added an appendix of "supplementary notes" filling some forty pages and dealing with various criticisms passed on the first edition. These criticisms, as he tells us, for the most part emanate from members of the Benedictine Order itself. The very character of the objections raised constitutes in large measure a tribute to the general excellence and importance of the work in itself, and we think that the author is to be congratulated both upon the aptness and the moderation of the replies which he makes to his critics. That Abbot Butler's contentions should have given occasion for the expression of dissenting views among the various branches of the great Benedictine family is intelligible enough. Almost all the "reforms" or modifications of the discipline previously observed have been

¹ *Benedictine Monachism, Studies in Benedictine Life and Rule.* By Abbot Cuthbert Butler; 2nd Edition. London: Longmans. Pp. x. 424. Price, 10s. 6d. net. 1924.

prompted by some more or less fundamental difference in the interpretation of the primitive rule, and consequently it is not surprising that on isolated points Abbot Butler's understanding of the Benedictine ideal should not be accepted without reserve by all who claim to perpetuate the traditions of the great founder of Western monachism. The wonder is that the author has rallied the suffrages of so many.

3—BISHOP THOMAS DE COBHAM¹

TO those who are tempted to accept the jaundiced picture of clerical morals in the Middle Ages which is presented by such writers as Dr. G. G. Coulton and Dr. H. C. Lea, we may strongly commend the various studies in the inner workings of pre-Reformation ecclesiastical discipline which we owe to the industry of the present Anglican Bishop of Worcester, Dr. Ernest Harold Pearce. While Dr. Pearce is an indefatigable student of manuscript sources, never recoiling from the most arid tracts of monastic or diocesan account books, as his previous studies of William of Colchester and Walter de Wenlok, both Abbots of Westminster, have long ago proved, he is also in a rare degree understanding of, and sympathetic towards, the mediæval mind. He proceeds from the standpoint that the historical investigator is likely to come across, not monsters of vice and depravity, but men with human weaknesses, no doubt, but also guided in many cases by a conscientious sense of duty and anxious to do good. The portrait which he has drawn of Thomas de Cobham, a study based almost entirely upon the inedited materials supplied by his register, is in every way attractive. Thomas, who ruled the See of Worcester from 1317 to 1327, was not a monk, but had been in his early life "a good clerk," of a type which, satirists and muckrakers notwithstanding, was always thoroughly appreciated in the Middle Ages and which constantly on that account was promoted to high ecclesiastical office. The mediæval bishop becomes in Dr. Pearce's pages a very real personality. We follow him in his early career, in his relations with his friends, but above all, in the multifarious details of his episcopal life, his ordinations, his difficulties with regard to benefices and provisions from Rome, his dealings with the monks and nuns of his diocese, his marriage problems and his political sympathies. No one can read the book without carrying away the impression of a good honest administrator, who was inspired by a high sense of duty, but at the same time kindly and tactful. And as such a ruler deserved, despite the

¹ *Thomas de Cobham, Bishop of Worcester, 1317—1327*. By Ernest H. Pearce, Litt.D., etc. Bishop of Worcester. London: S.P.C.K. Pp. x. 274. Price, 15s. 1923.

disturbed condition of England during the reign of Edward II., his diocese seems to have been kept in good order and observance. As Bishop Pearce remarks, "The meagre sum of evidence here against the character of the clergy in respect of personal cleanness of life seems to imply either that Cobham was slack (which is not borne out by his episcopal conduct and his visitation articles), or that the register gives a fair representation of the real state of things." Bishop Pearce's volume is both scholarly and interesting. We cannot have too many of these sketches founded upon the study of the most authentic and first-hand materials.

4—LOGIAN DOCUMENT¹

THIS is a small but valuable contribution to Apologetics, affecting primarily the authenticity of our Gospels, but incidentally throwing out sidelights also on many subjects connected with early Christian origins. It will most certainly be welcome to professors in seminaries; perhaps even some of their pupils will find it useful, if not necessary, for reference.

The term "Logia" crops up so frequently in books dealing with New Testament Criticism that it calls for a monograph to itself. And we have here an historical retrospect on its use and meaning from Herodotus to Schliermacher and down to the present day. It is impossible fully to appreciate the term "Logian Document" in works dealing with the synoptic problem, unless one is thoroughly familiar with the connotations implied in Papias' *Logia*.

We think the author has successfully accomplished the task he set himself, namely to vindicate the traditional meaning and use of a word now so fashionable among Higher Critics.

Catholic scholarship here shows itself not a whit inferior to that of our rationalist opponents. Let us hope it will receive, at least from Catholics, the support it deserves. Our clergy will hardly miss the price of this pamphlet; and its perusal will enable them to refresh their memories on many topics often discussed in the school of Apologetics.

¹ *The Logia in Ancient and Recent Literature*. By J. Donovan, S.J. Heffer and Sons, Cambridge. Price, 2s.

SHORT NOTICES.

THEOLOGICAL.

IN *Teaching the Catechism* (B.O. and W.: 1s. 6d. net) Father Drinkwater gives very good and very suggestive explanation material for all who use our Catechism. The best thing about the book is the fact that Father Drinkwater does not recommend the learning by heart of *all* the Catechism answers. There are some very original and very helpful sketches.

Two books from Benziger Bros., **The Catechist and the Catechumen** and **A Simple Course of Religion**, are by Father Weigand (priced at \$1.50 the first, and the latter \$4.00 per hundred). The former, like Father Drinkwater's book, consists of material for Catechism explanation. The latter abandons the catechetical method and adopts that of simple statements, which some will consider a most welcome innovation and a great step forward.

APOLOGETIC.

The ever-living problem of miracles is the subject of a prize-essay recently published by Father Angelo Zacchi, O.P. (**Il Miracolo**, pp. 652. 20 lire, Milan). The argument is on the usual lines of Catholic apologetics, with special attention to present-day difficulties. Mental healing is discussed at considerable length, and the opinions of the best writers of the present-day on this and kindred topics are faithfully given. There is a good bibliography in which English writers are well represented.

M. le Chanoine Bouyssonie is a philosopher and anthropologist, and in his excellent book **Batailles d'Idées** (Beauchesne: 10 fr. net) deals with the great questions of God, the Good and the True. The book is written in dialogue form, and various doubters press their objections upon the protagonist: in this way the various aspects of Natural Theology receive a thorough investigation which may appeal more widely than a formal treatise. The work is well done. There is a flavour of Pascal and St. Augustine about the arguments which sets it above the ordinary text-book essays in Apologetics.

Pending the appearance of a book on Ethnology, corresponding in industry and observation to Sir G. Frazer's *Golden Bough* but written from a Catholic standpoint, Father Albert Munsch's **Evolution and Culture** (Herder: 3s. net) will serve to give the student grounds for caution in the acceptance of materialistic evolution as a well-founded theory and a sufficient explanation of human development. He shows by many quotations from adversaries who are not Catholics how unstable and precarious are the sociological teachings of the Frazer school.

DEVOTIONAL.

The Most Rev. P. E. Magennis, O.C., in his little book **The Scapular Devotion** (Gill and Son: 3s. 6d. net) gives a clear and non-controversial account not only of the origin and history of the devotion but of the present legislation regarding the various scapulars and the scapular medal. It will be found very useful to the clergy who are constantly being called upon to guide and instruct the faithful in the matter, and worthily commemorates the sixth centenary of the Sabbatine Privilege.

The worship of the Holy Eucharist is especially held in view in Father Sebastian Uccello's **Enchiridion Sacerdotale** (Marietti: 7.00 l.), which provides a vast variety of reflections on the Divine Mystery suitable either for prayer or preaching.

Similarly in the same author's **Biblia Mariana** (Marietti: 12.00 l.) we find a collection of commentaries on the various types, names and praises of the Blessed Virgin taken from Scripture and the Fathers and arranged in alphabetical order: a labour of immense industry and love.

A convenient collection in one booklet of the **Lectiones Abbreviatæ** for the whole year is issued by P. Marietti at 3.00 l.

English readers will welcome Miss Cowell's translation of Father

R. Plus' *Dieu en nous* which appeared some years ago. The translation is called *God within us* (B.O. and W.: 6s.), and explains the workings of the supernatural in our souls: it is in fact a treatise on grace, written in non-technical language and intended to make us realize and treasure that great gift of God.

That the publication of any of Father Considine's rare writings would meet with a joyous welcome is a foregone conclusion, but the welcome that will be given to the little book before us will, we think, create something of a record. *Delight in the Lord* (B.O. and W., London: 1s. paper) is a collection of spiritual maxims and points of direction given to a nun, together with some exhortations given to a certain community. To read it is to have Father Considine with us, consoling, encouraging, cheering in his own inimitable way, and, whether we be in the world or the cloister, leading us nearer to our Lord through the myriad trials and troubles of the everyday. To delight in the Lord, to trust Him with that loving childlike trust that brings with it perfect peace, these were ever characteristic of all Father Considine's direction, and they recur like a lovely refrain through the 50 pages of this little book. "It is our self-importance, not our misery that gets in His way. You can never trust Him too much . . . go on your way rejoicing." Or again: "If anyone blames you . . . if they are right . . . say quietly to our Lord, 'Dear Lord, see what a fool I have been! I am sorry I have been such a naughty child, now we must begin again!'" "As simple as the Imitation—a little casket of spiritual jewels, wherein we see the Divine Loveliness so easily because we are shown by one who so clearly reflected it himself.

Mgr. J. L. J. Kirlin has given us an exceptional book of meditations in *One Hour with Him* (Sands and Co.: 5s. net). Previously published in the organ of the Priests' Eucharistic League of Philadelphia, as we are told in the preface, they have been re-written, but their original purpose has been kept in mind—to supply subjects for either sermons or meditations during the devotion of the Holy Hour. On this account we think such diverse subjects as, for instance, November the month of the dead, and the corporal works of mercy, which have no direct bearing on this point, might with advantage have been omitted. For although each chapter is complete in itself, and contains sufficient material to furnish a discourse, the rest of the book is fittingly linked together under a title which is self-explanatory. For the greater part the fifteen mysteries of the Rosary form the subject matter, instructively treated in the unusual fashion of showing the analogy between the Mysteries and the Blessed Sacrament. What charms us most is the ease and simplicity with which each picture is drawn and the lesson laid before us. A most edifying and instructive book.

In a devotional treatise called *Your Hidden Treasure* (Frederick Pustet Co.: 7s.) the Rev. E. J. Jungblut has given us a most excellent little book on Chastity and Humility. It is written in an intimate personal style that will appeal to many. In the part dealing with the angelic virtue—occupying about 70 pages—the clearness of expression and directness of speech are reminiscent of the treatises of St. Augustine on kindred subjects. The difference, for instance, between moral and physical virginity, vowed virginity, chastity and celibacy are explained with a lucidity and brevity too seldom met with. The chapter on oppo-

sition to chastity might well be published in pamphlet form. In speaking of humility Father Jungblut is equally felicitous. "It is not giving up your dignity that makes you humble, but giving it up for a great and noble purpose" . . . thus mistaken notions of humility are disposed of in a direct way that is as admirable as it is instructive. We think the Appendix, consisting of a few pages each on Eternity, Sorrow for Sin, Death, and Parting (the last referring to the author's farewell to the reader) might with advantage have been omitted if only by reason of forming an anticlimax. And we must own to a prejudice against the American fashion of including the author's photograph as a frontispiece.

Father John P. Clarke has added yet another volume to those already in existence on Blessed Thérèse of the Child Jesus. **Her Little Way** (Benziger Bros., New York: \$1.00) is obviously a labour of love, the proceeds from the sale of which go to a missionary society, and for this reason we are reluctant to criticize, but the frequent repetitions of quotations from her writings—which are copiously drawn upon throughout—make the book extremely tedious in parts. Whole sentences of the author's own remarks are repeated verbatim at the interval of only a few pages. The book is in no way biographical, but the writer takes outstanding events in the life of his subject and elaborates them, sometimes with an insight which is calculated to spread the knowledge and widen the influence of the "Little Flower." There are four delightful illustrations.

The compiler of **The Inner Court: a Book of Private Prayer** (B.O. and W.: 3s. 6d., cloth; 5s. and upwards, leather), whose initials are A.G.M., has produced a very charming book of devotions, original in arrangement and often in substance, and calculated to increase a love of the liturgy, acquaintance with which it presupposes. It is delightfully printed and produced in the style which the publishers have made famous.

CANON LAW.

Canon Chardonnier writes easily—perhaps too easily—on an interesting subject, **Le Culte du Saint Sacrement: Etude historique: ses Origines, son Développement, ses Manifestations** (Lethielleux: 7.00 fr.). His work is based on well-known Catholic writers, but none of recent date. The consequence is that, while the book is substantially correct in what it says, it solves far too easily questions such as the Agape, which have been profoundly investigated in more recent times. It is a pity that, in the interests of accuracy, careful use of recent studies has not been made. As the work is meant to be popular, few references to authorities are given. Still, a really scholarly work on the subject would be of great value. Canon Chardonnier traces the devotion to the Blessed Sacrament from the time when Mass and Holy Communion were its only forms, deals with the beginning of reservation, points out the big change in the thirteenth century with the introduction of solemn processions of the Blessed Sacrament, describes the rise of Benediction, and of course lays great stress on the practice of frequent Communion.

HISTORICAL.

The Librarian of the Malta Public Library, Mr. H. P. Scicluna, P.L., has made good use of his opportunities in collecting and editing in a

handsome volume certain **Documents Relating to the French Occupation of Malta, 1798-1800** (Empire Press: Valletta, 2nd edition). The book will prove of interest and importance to students of Maltese history and also to specialists in the Napoleonic period. It is dedicated "to the immortal memory of Napoleon." Nine good illustrations enhance the value of the collection.

By an essay on **The Emperor Charles IV., 1316-1378** (Blackwell: 3s. 6d. net), now published in a small but comely volume, Gerald Walsh, S.J., won the Lothian History prize last year at Oxford. It is not exactly a book for a train journey, but professional historians and scholars will recognize in it a deep acquaintance with the period and a skilful presentation of facts. Condensed as it is, the essay leaves little room for elaboration of style, but occasionally we meet with an epigram or a striking estimate of character. One finishes the booklet with a better understanding of the ways of mediæval statecraft, and the inner working of the Holy Roman Empire.

The deep-rooted Catholicism of France is well illustrated in the official account of the **IVe Congrès Eucharistique National** (Secrétariat du Comité Local: rue de Bourgogne: Paris), held in Paris last July. The full text of the addresses, instructions and sermons set forth therein with great thoroughness and copiously illustrated, should prove of great use both to clerical and lay readers and cannot fail to suggest various methods of stimulating devotion to the Blessed Sacrament. Much credit is due to the General Secretary, Père E. Chardavoine, for the production of this large and imposing volume.

BIOGRAPHICAL.

It was a happy thought which suggested a reprint of **The Lives of the Brethren of the Order of Preachers** (B.O. and W.: Cloth, 5s.) in the translation by the late Father P. Conway, O.P., which had hitherto been printed for private use but not published. The introduction by Father Bede Jarrett gives a brief appreciation of the origin and history of the Legends, and deprecates any comparison with the *Little Flowers of St. Francis*. But the book seems to us not so wholly devoid of romance as Fr. Jarrett asserts, and, allowing for different standards, it is full of edification. The chapter entitled "Our Blessed Lady's Love of the Order," for instance, should prove a great aid to devotion.

Two friends of its subject have collaborated in a labour of love, the production of **Adrian Fortescue, a Memoir** (B.O. and W.: 10s. 6d.), and both Dr. J. G. Vance, Vice-President of St. Edmund's, and the Hon. J. W. Fortescue, the distinguished writer on military matters, may be congratulated on the result. To those who knew Dr. Fortescue it might be enough to say that *he* would have been delighted with his Memoir, it so combines literary with artistic distinction. To Dr. Vance, his intimate of later years, it befel to paint the picture of the man in his prime, a description which is candid without being indiscreet, and is marked by a subtle appreciation, not only of the great positive qualities of his friend—his industry, his rare scholarship, his wit and humour—but also of his defects—his sensitiveness, his lack of interest in science, his intense individualism. It is a fine portrait, delicately drawn; not unlike the subject's own art, here displayed in several beautiful book-plates. Mr. Fortescue, the Doctor's distant kinsman, who came to know

him only a few years before his death, contributes a striking picture of his external habits and activities, and a keen estimate of his character.

It hardly needed Dr. Vance's acknowledgment to Mr. Stanley Morison to guess who was responsible for the selection of type and exquisite get up of this volume. It is a delight to see, to read and to handle.

ANGLICAN.

In a neatly-printed and well-arranged volume called **The King's Highway** (Anglo-Catholic Congress Committee: 1s. 6d. net) Archdeacon George D. Carleton, B.D., gives a simple statement of High Anglican Belief and Duty. It was originally written for the instruction of certain natives in South Africa who were preparing for the Anglican ministry. Mr. Carleton maintains, of course, the usual Anglo-Catholic positions, including the self-contradictory Branch Theory, and, as his book is merely a statement of these positions and not concerned with arguments, it is unnecessary to offer any criticisms. These pages are clearly written, and there is a modest, friendly spirit in the writing which is refreshing in these times of rather snappish controversy. Catholics, of course, cannot agree with a great deal Mr. Carleton says, but they may at any rate find out from his book what he and his friends are thinking, and that is always a useful discovery.

FICTION.

English readers, now that a translation of **L'Oblat** has been published by Messrs. Kegan Paul (price 7s. 6d.), can follow the whole of Durtal's adventures in their own tongue. We are not sure that many will avail themselves of the opportunity. One has to have a preliminary love for the details of the liturgy, for the plain-chant, for the monastic life, for the whole external apparatus of Catholicism, present and past, in order to enjoy them as reflected in the experiences of Durtal, in spite of all their *longueurs*, with any great enthusiasm. However, Mr. Percival's translation and Messrs. Kegan Paul's enterprise have given them the chance.

The Cedar Box (Longmans: 2s. 6d. cloth, 1s. 6d. paper) is one of the most beautiful little stories we have read for a very long time. Coming as it does from the pen of one who wrote that exquisite poem, "A little Te Deum of the Commonplace," one is not surprised at the beauty, mysticism, and spiritual insight of this short but perfect sketch. We shall not give away its secret; it is enough to say that it is one of "God's Fairy Tales," and could equally well be included under the heading "devotional." The cover befits the contents in being irresistibly attractive,—a vellum wrapper as a background for a beautiful picture of Our Lady in dull gold. Following as it does *The Wonder of Lourdes* this dainty booklet further enlarges the debt of gratitude which Catholic readers now owe to Mr. John Oxenham.

MISCELLANEOUS.

We are very late in noticing **Carneades on Injustice, an amoral story with the famous lost lecture of 155 B.C., by Eupolia, Jr.**; printed privately and sent to us by the courtesy of the author. There is no little learning behind this *jeu d'esprit*, and a very serious purpose. Carneades makes fine fun of Roman Imperialism and it was not with-

out provocation that Cato sent him packing back to Greece, but Eupolis, Jr., has a more modern Imperialism in mind and *its* failure to discover any basis of just dealing between nation and nation.

We have received the following fascicules from the new Catholic University of Milan: **La Compositione della Famiglia secondo le schede di censimento dell' Egitto Romano**, a learned statistical essay on the sociology of Roman Egypt, by Aristide Calderini; also a short paper entitled, **L'applicazione dei principi evangelici nei rapporti internazionali**, by Alessandro Corsi, the Professor of International Law; and three essays on legal subjects, viz., **Introduzione allo studio del diritto penale** (pp. 112), by Professor G. Battaglini; **Il potere discrezionale e la facoltà regolamentare** (pp. 20), by Professor L. Raggi; and **Animus furandi** (pp. 37), by Professor E. Albertario. This last paper deals with the *presumptio juris* in cases of theft according to Roman and Byzantine Law.

We have received a large number of the publications of **La Bonne Presse** (Bayard, Paris) which, with all due appreciation of the good work for the Faith done by that organization, we cannot even enumerate in detail. They comprise *Romans* in two formats, *bijou* and octavo, the popularity of which may be gauged by the length of the series, plays, liturgical works, and musical pieces, besides entertaining illustrated works on science, and a course on small-scale agriculture. London readers may find a number of these books on view at the C.T.S. Bookshop in Victoria Street.

The salvation of society can only come from respect for principles. A book compiled by M. Henri Brun, **La Cité Chrétienne, d'après les Enseignements Pontificaux**, contains a methodical collection of the great Christian social principles as laid down in the Encyclicals of successive Popes. It is a kind of Denzinger-Bannwart for the Social Student, and should be as serviceable to him as the "Enchiridion" is to the Students of Theology. The Latin text of the Encyclicals is given in notes, and a French translation is in every case set alongside it. Perhaps the C.S.G. might undertake a similar compilation for English workers or set about translating the present volume. It meets a felt need more satisfactorily, because more systematically, than *The Pope and the People*. (Maison de la bonne Presse: 3.50 fr.).

A University Thesis, called **The Effect of Objective Presentation on the Learning and Retention of a Latin Vocabulary** (Loyola University Press: \$1.00), by A. G. Schmidt, S.J., was written to determine the value of pictures, actions and objects in the teaching of Latin. It is a psychological study and as such will appeal to more than the harassed schoolmaster. Father Schmidt is nothing if not thorough. He took a hundred Latin words, thirty nouns, thirty adjectives, and forty verbs. Then he procured the thirty objects which the nouns represented and set to work. The experiment was a very elaborate one, conducted with the aid of many pupils and teachers, and there are some fearsome pages of figures, diagrams, graphs, etc., as a result. However, it proves pretty conclusively that "Objective Presentation" in the hands of capable teachers is a great help to memorise more surely. It seems a small result of the immense labour entailed by Father Schmidt's study, but at any rate the obvious is here justified at the bar of Science and Philosophy, and there are useful deductions which are not so obvious.

MINOR PUBLICATIONS.

A series of pamphlets, priced rather highly at one franc each and called **Xaveriana**, is issued from the Jesuit residence at Louvain and devoted to the interests of the East Indian Missions. They come very apropos of the great Missionary Exhibition which opens in Rome in December. Different missionary problems are discussed by trained and experienced observers, and these papers bear testimony to a widespread awakening to the duty incumbent on all the faithful to spread the faith.

A new Prayer Book, called **The Loreto Manual** (Gill and Son: 4s., cloth) and "compiled for the use of pupils educated by the Religious of the Institute of B.V.M.", contains a great number of the usual Catholic devotions with some special ones suited to the special class for which the book is intended. It is beautifully printed and got up.

An interesting batch of twopenny pamphlets comes to us from the Irish C.T.S. The Comtesse de Courson condenses the strange story of **Charles de Foucauld, Convert and Hermit**, from the pages of René Bazin. In **Christ's Way or Class War**, Archbishop O'Donnell gives salutary advice to those who pursue industrial enterprises without regard to God's law. The spiritual destitution of the eleven million Philippine Catholics is the occasion of a stirring appeal by Father T. A. Murphy, C.S.S.R., in **The Story of the only Christian Nation in the East**, for missionaries to work in the Philippines. In **The Catholic Layman**, Sir Joseph A. Glynn eloquently urges his fellow-countrymen to awaken to the need of Christianizing commerce and industry. "In Ireland we have not even an elementary notion of Catholic organization." **The Children's Friend**, by Rose Lynch, tells the story of a pious and practical old Irish woman. The Rev. John Dawson, S.M., explains the spirit and constitution, and gives the history, of the Society of Mary under the unenlightening title—**What shall I Be?** A useful instruction on **Apologetics: its aims and its arguments**, is written by the Rev. James Leen, C.S.Sp. In **Birth and Life: Death and After Death**, the Rev. Dr. Coffey collects a series of poetical extracts, with comments, dealing with those themes. Mr. O'Higgins, in the **Catholic Layman and Public Life**, says more than we have dared to say of the low state of political morality in divided and distracted Ireland. A little essay on **St. Joseph's Titles**, by Father Albert Power, S.J., gives an edifying summary of the Saint's virtues. The **Eucharistic Hour** and **Novena to SS. Peter and Paul** are titles which need no further explanation.

The Catholic Mind (Vol. XXII., No. 13—17: 5 cents each) contains, amongst other useful matter, the Papal Bull on "The Holy Year," a retraction of the calumny against the Jesuits of teaching that "The End Justifies the Means"; "How England lost the Faith," by Mr. Belloc; "Free Thought and Catholicism," by the Rev. A. Power, S.J.; "The Catholic Interpretation of History," by the Rev. J. B. Rober; and "The Index, and Liberty of Reading."

A greater output and a larger distribution are now marked features of the C.T.S. **The Divine Lover** is a devotional pamphlet translated from the French of Pierre Charles, S.J. Father Raymond Devas, O.P., has made a conflation of **The Gospel Story of the Resurrection** so as to explain the apparent discordances and contradictions. Father Hugh Pope, O.P., in **The Godhead of Christ as Portrayed in the Gospels**,

thoroughly refutes the ignorant assertion that Christ never claimed to be God. Miss Irene Hernaman, in *Spiritualism and the Child*, exposes the widespread efforts that are being made by modern necromancers to corrupt the minds and morals of the helpless children that come under their care—a pamphlet to be scattered broadcast. *Just Nineteen*, by T. V. Nicholas, is an interesting story illustrating the need and the strength of the Catholic principle in the matter of marriage. *Instructions for Confession* in Goanese is a booklet compiled for a definite clientèle.

The *Year-Book* of the Manchester Branch of the C.T.S. gives an interesting programme for the twenty-third session (1924—25), with a full report of the activities of the previous one and an imposing list of members.

We are delighted to see the publication of Leaflets once more by the C.T.S. They are often most useful in paving the way for fuller instruction. The "Catholic Action Society" of St. Beunos, which is responsible for them, has so far produced five:—*Who are You?*; *Religion Reasonable*; *Sin, the Only Real Evil*; *The One Mediator*; *Catholic Doctrine*; and *Authority*.

The Westminster Catholic Federation have issued their fifteenth *Annual Report* (price 2d.), giving a detailed account of considerable work done for the promotion of Catholic objects and in defence of the Catholic Faith. We trust that the knowledge herein conveyed may stimulate Catholics to contribute more largely to the support of this excellent organization.

Dom J. B. McLaughlin's essay on *Kinds of Prayer: a Key to Spiritual Writings* attracted a good deal of notice when it first appeared in our pages (September, 1923), and many, therefore, will be glad to know that it is now procurable in pamphlet form from the author (Warwick Bridge, Carlisle) at 3d., or 50 copies for 9s. carriage paid.

BOOKS RECEIVED

(Reviewed in present issue or reserved for future notice.)

ABBAYE DE MAREDSOUS.

Essai sur la Physiologie morale de Saint Benoît. By Dom J. Ryelandt. Pp. ix. 96. Price, 3.00 fr.

AMERICAN CATHOLIC HISTORICAL SOCIETY, Philadelphia.

Index to the Records, 1886—1920. Pp. 513. Price not stated.

APOSTOLIC MISSION HOUSE, Washington.

A Retreat for Priests. By Rev. W. Elliot, C.P. Pp. xvii. 229. Price, \$1.00. *A Manual of Missions.* By the same. Pp. viii. 247. Price, \$1.50.

BURNS, OATES & WASHBOURNE, London.

Adrian Fortescue: a Memoir. By John

G. Vance and J. W. Fortescue. Illustrated. Pp. vi. 62. Price, 10s. 6d. *God within Us.* By Raoul Plus, S.J. Translated by Edith Cowell. Pp. xiv. 167. Price, 6s. *The Mysteries of the Faith.* By Alphonsus de Liguori. Translated by Bishop Coffin. Pp. 278. Price, 6s. *The Inner Court.* Pp. 326. Price, from 3s. 6d. (cloth). *Delight in the Lord.* By Rev. D. Considine, S.J. Pp. v. 51. Price, 1s. *Annamore.* By Rev. J. Guinan. Pp. vi. 323. Price, 6s. *The Redemptorists.* By G. Stebbing, C.S.S.R. Pp. viii. 207. Price, 6s.

C.T.S., London.
Several Twopenny Pamphlets.

- DESCLEE & Co., Bruges.
Material for a History of Pope Alexander VI. By Rt. Rev. Mgr. Peter de Roo. Five Vols. Pp. xiv. 613; xlix. 475; xxxvi. 566; xxxvii. 570; xxix. 398. Price, \$10.00 (stitched), \$11.50 (bound).
- "FIELD AFAR" OFFICE, New York.
Felix Westerwoudt. Illustrated. Pp. xi. 115. Price, 85 cents.
- GILL & SON, Dublin.
Loreto Manual. Pp. xxiii. 320. Price, 4s. (cloth).
- H.M. STATIONERY OFFICE, London.
Patent Rolls: Edward VI. Vols. I., I., 1547-48-49. Pp. iv. 420, 433. Price, 30s. net each. *Stonehenge, To-day and Yesterday.* By Frank Stevens. Pp. 99. Price, 6d. net.
- KENEDY & SONS, New York.
The Teacher's Year. By Charles Phillips. Pp. x. 276. Price, \$1.70.
- LA BONNE PRESSE, Paris.
Croquis Entomologiques. By Canon C. H. de Labonnefon. Illustrated. Pp. 120. Price, 3.00 fr. *Les Engrais.* By P. Laboureyras. Pp. 166. Several *Romans Populaires* and other Stories.
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